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Alabama Bird Day Book



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Alabama Bird Day Book



May the Seventh
Nineteen Hundred and Fifteen

ISSUED BY
DEPARTMENT OF GAME AND FISH
JOHN H. WALLACE, JR., *Commissioner*
MISS SOPHIA WATTS, *Secretary*

**PRESS
BROWN PRINTING CO.
MONTGOMERY
ALABAMA**

FOREWORD

From year to year the Department of Game and Fish, through the wisdom and foresight of its Commissioner, prepares and sends out an elaborate bulletin giving explicit information and material for the observance of Bird Day in our public schools.

This pamphlet, which is a work of art, is eagerly sought and used in every county and most of the schools of the State. No other agency is doing so much to conserve our birds and to preserve in our children the sympathetic instinct which statutes and constitutions are powerless to inculcate. It is with exceeding gratification, therefore, that I designate Friday, May 7, as Bird Day for Alabama schools and in so doing I desire to unreservedly commend the work and to again bespeak on the part of the teachers of the State a wider and saner attitude towards God's creatures everywhere, which must of necessity result from a State-wide compliance with the plan and purpose of this book.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "Wm. A. Hagin". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned above the title "Supt. of Education.".

Supt. of Education.

SUGGESTED PROGRAM FOR BIRD DAY



Invocation.

Reading: Life of Audubon.

Talk by teacher, superintendent or some prominent game protectionist on the subject of the conservation of birds, animals and fish, and their relation to man.

Recitation: The Brookside and the Hillside. Redwing.

Reading: How to Go A-Birding. The Duty of the Citizen Toward Wild Life.

Essay on the Oven-Bird, Last of the Wild Pigeon, or Sage Hen.

Recitation: Bird Biography. Elegy—Written in Spring. The Meeting of the Waters. Hawk's Challenge.

Reading: Early Spring. Alabama Game Laws. Insects are the True Rulers of the Universe.

Essay on the slaughter of birds for ornamentation. By pupil.

Recitation: There Was a Cherry-tree. Robert Burns. The Birds. The Spirit of the Eagle. The Little Minister. The Sagamore.

Paper on King Rail, The Barn Owl, The Dowitcher, The Gadwall.

Recitation: Beauties of Nature. A Grosbeak in the Garden. The Thristle. To a Water-fowl.

Reading—The Worm the Bird Did Not Eat. The Phoebe Bird.

Recitation: Fishing. O Pumpkin Pie. The Song of the Brook.

Adjourn to a suitable place and plant a tree or shrub that will be dedicated to the birds.

Bird Sanctuaries—and a practical demonstration of Bird Houses, Bird Baths and Bird Feeding Devices.



John J. Audubon



JOHN JAMES AUDUBON

1780-1851



THOUGH of French parentage, and during his early years educated in France, Audubon was born in Louisiana, and always called the United States of America "his own beloved country," and returned to it when about eighteen. He married in 1808, Lucy Bakewell, the daughter of an English neighbor. He took his wife to Louisville, Ky., where he opened a store "which went on prosperously when I attended to it," he writes later, "but birds were birds then as now, and my thoughts were turning toward them as the objects of my greatest delight. I shot, I drew, I looked on nature only; my days were happy beyond human conception and beyond this I really cared not."

Leaving Louisville and many kind friends behind them they went to Henderson, Ky. "Like my family the village was quite small. The latter consisted of six or eight houses; the former of my wife, myself and a small child. Few as the houses were we fortunately found one empty. It was a log cabin. * * * The woods were amply stocked with game, the rivers with fish, and now and then the hoarded sweets of the industrious bees were brought from some hollow tree to our table."

In spite of strenuous endeavors to keep his wandering tendencies under control and to earn support for his family, his various undertakings failed, partly through his own lack of business capacity, but still more through the dishonesty of those in whom he implicitly trusted. At last "I parted with every particle of property I had to my creditors, keeping only the clothes I wore on that day, my original drawings, and my gun." "Nothing was left to me but my humble talents. Were those talents to remain dormant under such exigencies? Was I to see my beloved Lucy and children suffer and want bread? Was I to repine because I had acted like an honest man? Was I inclined to cut my throat in foolish despair? No!

I had talents, and to them I instantly resorted." For a time he found successful occupation in drawing portraits in black chalk, but never lost an opportunity to add to his collection of drawings of birds, which he now began to think of publishing.

In 1821 he took a position as tutor in a family near New Orleans, His wife also taught, and by their united exertion their boys, Victor and John, were put to school and a happy home life secured for a few years. In 1826 the proceeds of a successful dancing class, \$2,000, with his own and his wife's savings, enabled him to sail with his beloved drawings for England, the goal of his hopes for many years. Letters from friends in America brought him new friends in England and Scotland, "who praised *my Birds*, and I felt the praise to be honest." All praise for his drawings delighted him, but the social attentions showered on him and the demands for papers on many subjects, Birds, Quadrupeds, Indians, tried him not a little. "A man who never looked into an English grammar and who has forgotten most of what he learned in French and Spanish ones—a man who has always felt awkward and shy in the presence of a stranger—a man habituated to ramble alone, with his thoughts usually bent on the beauties of nature herself—this man, *me*, to be seated opposite Dr. Brewster in Edinburgh reading one of my puny efforts at describing habits of birds that none but an Almighty Creator can ever know, was ridiculously absurd." He naively writes: "The Captain (Basil Hall) wishes to write a book, and he spoke of it with as little concern as I should say, 'I will draw a duck;' is it not surprising?" His pictures were exhibited, he was made a member of the leading scientific societies, and, best of all, his plans for publication took definite shape; the methods and cost of printing were agreed upon, and subscribers began to enroll themselves. He returned to America, and to procure further material for his great undertaking he journeyed from Labrador to the Florida Keys. "In all climates and all weathers, scorched by burning suns, drenched by piercing rains, frozen by the fiercest colds; now diving fearlessly into the densest forest, now wandering alone over the most savage regions; in perils, in difficulties, in doubts, with no companions to cheer his way—listening only to the sweet music of birds or to the sweeter music of his own thoughts, he faithfully kept his path. The records of man's life contains few nobler examples of strength of purpose and indefatigable energy."

The great work was completed in 1838 and, when bound, consisted of four elephant folios containing 1,065 life-size portraits of birds in their natural surroundings. "The text was published separately under the title, 'Ornithological Biography.' Later (in 1844) the original plates, reduced by the *camera lucida*, were published with a part of the text in seven octavo volumes as 'The Birds of America.' "

After a futile attempt at city life in New York, the family home was established in a beautiful woodland region on the banks of the Hudson, now Audubon Park and included within the city limits.

There, after many short journeys and one long and difficult one up the Missouri to the mouth of the Yellowstone, surrounded by children and grandchildren, with his beloved wife by his side, the long, active life ended peacefully.



OUR PATRIOTS WERE NIMRODS



FROM the beginning there has been implanted in the being of man an impulse to pursue and take the wild denizens of the animal kingdom. Whether it be for sport or for food, for numberless centuries man of high and low degree, in every country and every clime, has roamed the forests and matched his skill against the fleetness and cunning of its wary creatures. Indeed, even now in every thinly populated land where game exists in abundance a man lives according to his skill as a sportsman.

The royal hunts led by the kings of Europe into the forests in quest of the stag and wild boar were inspired by the same impulse that impelled the savages of darkest Africa, the Aborigines of Central and South America and the Eskimoes of the Arctic Circle.

On account of having been trained to hit the running deer in the forests, during the War of the Revolution, the patriots under Washington poured into the soldiers of George III such a deadly and effective fire as to put them to rout and compel the tyrant to accord us the freedom which we now enjoy.

During the War of 1812, the soldiers under Andrew Jackson, equipped with sporting rifles, having been trained to bring down squirrels from the tallest trees of Tennessee by merely hitting them through the eye, by taking aim at every man at which they fired instead of shooting "breast high," made every shot count a kill and won for our country the battle of New Orleans, one of the greatest victories recorded in the annals of our brilliant history.

The effective work done by the Alabama soldiers on the firing-line in the War Between the States was due to the fact that they were trained in the hunting field and were thus enabled to place deadly missiles, with unerring aim.

It can thus be well said that game not only furnishes a medium of healthful recreation and enjoyment but that it likewise trains in its pursuit the men of the country in the art of the use of fire-arms and renders them valiant and almost invincible foemen when they respond to the call to arms.



THE MEETING OF THE WATERS



THERE is not in the wide world a valley so sweet
As the vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet;
Oh! the last rays of feeling and life must depart,
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

Yet it was not that nature had shed o'er the scene
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green;
'Twas not her soft magic of streamlet or hill,
Oh! no—it was something more exquisite still.

'Twas that friends, the beloved of my bosom, were near,
Who made every dear scene of enchantment more dear,
And who felt how the best charms of nature improve,
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

Sweet vale of Avoca! how calm could I rest
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best,
Where the storms that we feel in this cold world should cease,
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace.

—Thomas Moore.





THE THROSTLE



“**S**UMMER is coming, summer in coming
I know it, I know it, I know it.
Light again, leaf again, life again, love again.”
Yes, my wild little poet.

Sing the new year in under the blue,
Last year you sang it as gladly,
“New, new, new, new!” Is it then so new
That you should carol so madly?

“Love again, song again, nest again, young again,”
Never a prophet so crazy!
And hardly a daisy as yet, little friend,
See, there is hardly a daisy.

“Here again, here, here, here, happy year!”
O warble, unchidden, unbidden!
Summer is coming, is coming, my dear,
And all the winters are hidden.

—*Alfred Tennyson.*



MY WISH



"IF ANY little word of mine
 May make a life the brighter,
 If any little song of mine
 May make a heart the lighter,
 God help me speak the little word,
 And take my bit of singing
 And drop it in some lonely vale,
 To set the echoes ringing.

"If any little love of mine
 May make a life the sweeter,
 If any little care of mine
 May make a friend's the fleeter,
 If any life of mine may ease
 The burden of another,
 God give me love, and care, and strength
 To help my toiling brother."

—*Endeavor Herald.*



REDPOLL



THE male of this species has a rosy breast, but the female has not. In winter these northern birds may be found in flocks gathering seeds from weeds by the roadside and stonewalls. Their actions greatly resemble those of our Goldfinch, but their flight is more rapid.

The song of the Redpoll is strong, sweet and canary-like. The nest is constructed at low elevations in bushes or trees; the eggs are three to five in number, and are pale greenish blue with brown specks. These birds breed in the extreme north, and winter south to the northern part of the United States.

The sup-species are Holboell Redpoll, which is slightly larger, and the Greater Redpoll, which is still larger and darker.

The Greenland Redpoll is a larger and much whiter species found in Greenland and migrating to Labrador in winter.

—*Bird Guide.*

Note: See illustration on front cover.

THE REDWING



I HEAR you, Brother, I hear you,
Down in the alder swamp,
Springing your woodland whistle
To herald the April romp!

First of the moving vanguard,
In front of the spring you come,
Where flooded waters sparkle,
And streams in the twilight hum.

You sound the note of the chorus
By meadow and woodland pond,
Til, one after one up-piping,
A myriad throats respond.

I see you, Brother, I see you,
With scarlet under young wing,
Flash through the ruddy maples,
Leading the pageant of spring.

Earth has put off her raiment
Wintry and worn and old,
For the robe of a fair young sibyl,
Dancing in green and gold.

I heed you, Brother. Tomorrow
I, too, in the great employ,
Will shed my old coat of sorrow
For a brand new garment of joy.

—Bliss Carman.



TO A REDBIRD IN FEBRUARY



THOU flamelet from the fire of spring,
Lit sudden on an ashen tree,
The year has but begun to be!
Where didst thou learn that limpid thing
Thou singest ere thy fellows sing—
Clear crystal notes that spill and drench thee,
Yet cannot quench thee?

Prophet art thou, or troubadour?
Doth a dead April's memory
Waken this perfect minstrelsy,
Or vision of a lovely flower
In some predestined, imminent hour
So shake and rend thy little spirit
Thou canst not bear it?

Ah . . . gone! but still the high refrain.
All the gray bough with green is drest,
A bar of amber breaks the west,
A fragrance filters through the rain.
That which was dead shall live again!
The last chill doubt of the earth has cherished,
Lo, it hath perished!

—Nancy Byrd Turner.



RED-TAILED HAWK



HIS bird is about two feet in length, and is one of our largest hawks. The adults have the tail reddish brown, hence its name. They breed in the United States, Mexico, Costa Rica, Canada and Alaska, and winter generally in the United States and south to Guatemala.

The red-tailed hawk, or "hen-hawk," as it is commonly called, is one of the best known of all our birds of prey, and is a widely distributed species of great economic importance. Its habit of sitting on some prominent limb or pole in the open, or flying with measured wing beat over prairies and sparsely wooded areas on the lookout for its favorite prey, causes it to be noticed by the most indifferent observer. Although not an omnivorous as the red-shouldered hawk, it feeds on a variety of food, as small mammals, snakes, frogs, insects, birds, crawfish, centipedes and even carrion. In regions where rattlesnakes abound it destroys considerable numbers of the reptiles. Although it feeds to a certain extent on poultry and birds, it is nevertheless entitled to general protection on account of the insistent warfare it wages against field mice and other small rodents and insects that are so destructive to young orchards, nursery stock and farm produce. Out of 530 stomachs examined, 457, or 85 per cent, contained the remains of mammal pests, such as field mice, pine mice, rabbits, several species of ground squirrels, pocket gophers and cotton rats, and only 62 contained the remains of poultry or game birds.

—*Biological Survey Bulletin.*



RED-TAILED HAWK.
 $\frac{1}{3}$ Life-size.

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HAWK'S CHALLENGE



WINTER or Summer, what care I?—
 The tilled or the untilled plain?
 My lot is cast in the blue abyss,
 And the lordly sun's domain.
 Over the broad champaign I float,
 And over the sparkling sea;
 I mount at will to the peak of heaven,
 And rejoice that I am free,
Ko, keeo, kilio, keeo!
 I exult that I am free!

KO, kileo, ye groundlings born,
 Of the tribes that reap and sow,—
 Blessing and ban to me are one,
 As up and aloft I go!
 There are quaking hearts below, I ween,
 For this black shape in the sky;
 For the Hawk's breed has a Hawk's blood,
 And a Hawk of the Hawks am I.
Ko, keeo, kileo, keeo!
 A Hawk of the Hawks am I!

—Dora Read Goodale.



THE HAWK



A LIFE at every meal, rapacious hawk!
 Spare helpless innocence!

—Troth, pleasant talk!

Yon swallow snaps more lives up in a day
 Than in a twelvemonth I could take away.
 But hark, most gentle censor, in your ear,
 A word, a whisper,—you,—are you quite clear?
 Creation's groans, through ocean, earth and sky,
 Ascend from all that walk, or swim, or fly.

HOW TO GO A-BIRDING



IT HAS seemed to me that, instead of calling on the birds personally, it might be pleasant to tell how to conduct our visits and observations. What is the *modus operandi* of bird study?

We would suggest, first, that one should go a-birding with his heart. Nature requires undivided attention. She can brook no rival if you would win from her the choice secrets of her being. If you give her only half a mind, she will give you but half of her revelation. You must give her your confidence before she will become communicative. Dismiss your ledgers, your politics, your family wrangles, the annoyances of the schoolhouse, from your thought when you go consorting with Nature. You must have a bird in the heart if you would see and appreciate the bird in the bush. It is the heart, too, that sharpens the eyes. Not all persons can become bird students because not all have the requisite enthusiasm; not all are *enrapport*.

Odd as it may appear, I would say, do not be too scientific. Not one word would I utter in disparagement of the specialist and the technical student, providing he feels certain that he can add something new and valuable to science; but for popular amateur bird study I should protest against the slaughter of feathered innocents either for identification or structural research. Do not look upon birds as mere anatomical specimens. You need not kill and dissect birds to know all that is necessary about their structure; for there are many scientific books that will tell you all about their physiology and anatomy.

Study birds as sentient creatures, as interesting individuals, with wonderful instinct and intelligence. The bird anatomist loves science more than he loves birds, or he would never want to kill them and take them apart.

If you really love the birds you will want to study them just as they are in their outdoor haunts, where they obey the impulses

of their volatile nature. To do this a good opera glass is a requisite. It partly annihilates distance, and brings the bird up to your eyes. You should get one with a large eye-piece, for with a small one you will find some difficulty in focussing the binocular upon the desired object. Be sure to avoid a glass that has bright colors, which will reflect the gleam of the sun into your eyes. Dark colors are best.

A bird key or manual is indispensable for purposes of identification. Somehow, you cannot enjoy the bird's society until you know its cognomen. A bird's name may even be very inapt, and yet—well, there is something in a name, even if it seems un-Shakespearian to say so. It is a wonderful satisfaction to know that the flitting piece of diminution in yonder tree is a golden-crowned kinglet, and not a warbler or a vireo. I refer to the English names now in vogue among scientific men. * * *

Do you ask when you had better begin the study of birds? Now! In bird study, as in most right pursuits, "now is the accepted time."

—*Leander S. Keyser.*



BIRD BIOGRAPHY

WHAT bird is our emblem?
I, said the eagle,
In strength I am regal;
I'm America's emblem.

Who sings on the wing?
I, said the skylark;
From dawn until dark,
I sing on the wing.

Whose feathers are downy?
Mine, said the goose,
They're put to good use,
My feathers are downy.

Who builds a hang-nest?
I, said the oriole,
In shape like a bowl,
I build my hang-nest.

Who's pet of the household?
I, said canary,
A right yellow fairy.
I am pet of the household.

Who's poetry's bird?
I, said the dove,
For I coo of love.
I'm poetry's bird.

Who loves to chatter?
I, said the blackbird,
My harsh voice is heard,
I love to chatter.

Whose legs are long?
Mine, said the crane,
I've more legs than brain.
My legs are long.

Who whistles "Bob White?"
I, said the quail,
Across wood and dale.
I whistle "Bob White."

What bird is handsome?
I, said the jay,
With plumes blue and gray.
I'm very handsome.



MARbled GODWIT



THE coot is a most remarkable bird, at home equally in the of shore birds, the present species measuring about eighteen inches in length, including the long up-curved bill. They breed in the interior from Saskatchewan south to North Dakota and winter from the Gulf coast and Lower California southward. They only casually occur on either the Atlantic or Pacific coasts during migration. Their three or four creamy-buff eggs, spotted with yellowish-brown, are laid in scantily lined depressions on the ground in the vicinity of water; as usual with birds of this order, the eggs are pear-shaped and very large compared with the body of the bird.

They are highly prized for the table and eagerly hunted whenever they appear on the marshes; ordinarily, they are rather shy, but since they come to imitations of their calls and to decoys stuck up in the mud, their shyness does not avail them. They are commonly known as brown marlins or spike-bills.

—*Game Birds.*



COOT



THE cot is a most remarkable bird, at home equally in the water or on land in marshes. Plumage gray like that of the Florida Gallinule, but secondaries tipped with white, bill white with a black band or spots in the middle, practically no frontal plate, and the toes each with a lobed web. Coots swim and dive fully as well as any of our ducks, and are frequently seen on bays and in rivers in company with them, or in flocks of their own kind. While swimming they have a habit of nodding the head in time to the strokes of their feet. They are to be found throughout the United States and southern Canada.

—*Game Birds.*



AMERICAN COOT.

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VACATION TIME



ALL THE world is set in rhyme,
Now it is vacation time,
And a swelling flood of joy
Brims the heart of every boy;
No more rote and no more rule,
No more staying after school;
Nothing but to play and play
Through an endless holiday.

Morn or afternoon, may all
Swing the bat and catch the ball;
Nimble-footed, race and run
Through the meadows in the sun.
Chasing winged scraps of light,
Butterflies in daring flight;
Or where the willows lean and look
Down at others in the brook;
Frolic loud the stream within,
Every arm a splashing fin.

Where the thorny thicket bar,
There the sweetest berries are;
Where the shady banks make dim
Pebbly pools, the shy trout swim;
Where the boughs are mossiest,
Builds the humming bird a nest;—
There are haunts the rover seeks,
Touch of tan upon his cheeks,
And within his heart the joy
Known to no one but a boy.

All the world is set to rhyme.
Now it is vacation time.

THE JOY OF TODAY



YOU needn't be rich to be happy,
You needn't be famous to smile;
There are joys for the poorest of toilers.
If only he'll think them worth while.
There are blue skies and sunshine a-plenty
And blossoms for all to behold;
And always the bright days outnumber
The dark and the cheerless and cold.

Sweet sleep's not a gift of the wealthy,
And love's not alone for the great;
For men to grow old and successful
It isn't joy's custom to wait.
The poorest of toilers has blessings
His richer companions may crave;
And many a man who has riches
Goes sorrowing on to the grave.

You'll never be happy tomorrow
If you are not happy today;
If you're missing the joys that are present
And sighing for joys far away.
The rose will not bloom any fairer
In the glorious years that may be;
Great riches won't sweeten its fragrance
Nor help you its beauties to see.

Today is the time to make merry,
'Tis folly for fortune to wait;
You'll not find the sky any bluer
If ever you come to be great.
You'll not find your joy's any brighter,
No matter what fortune you win;
Make the most of life's sunshine this minute
Tomorrow's too late to begin.

—Edgar A. Guest in *Detroit Free Press*.

BIRD MINSTRELSY



WOULD like to say a few words in behalf of the little birds that flutter in the tree tops and wing their merry way hither and thither, searching for insects and making the whole world glad with their soulful liquid music. Did any one ever take time to think how lonely they would be these bright spring mornings if, by any chance, the birds had forgotten to come back here from their migratory flight. Our loss would be greater than it is possible to imagine. But notwithstanding the cruel treatment they sometimes receive, we have the assurance they will return with each new springtime, to cheer our hearts with their joyous minstrelsy.

“And when you think of this, remember, too,
’Tis always morning somewhere, and above
The awakening continents, from shore to shore,
Somewhere the birds are singing evermore.”

The most valuable possession of a living creature is its life—life is the foundation of all values, for a dead thing can value nothing. To kill one bird does more to darken the world for us than to destroy a myriad of the lower and more sluggish forms of life, and to kill it uselessly and wantonly is a near approach to murder. Birds are like human beings in that they not only enjoy themselves, but they are a source of joy to others—to their mates, their young, and also to the best and most admirable part of human-kind. The flash of a bird’s wings in a tree top, the twitter of its song, may bring pure pleasure to a hundred people in a single day.

Aside from this, birds have a utility to man which no intelligent person can ignore; they serve us by putting a check on the increase of weeds, destructive insects, and other agencies which do us harm

by diminishing the returns from our lands; and birds as a class can be made even more useful to us if we take the trouble to learn their habits, their foods, etc.

The teachers of Alabama, by observing Bird Day in their schools, can be of invaluable aid in instructing the children of our State relative to the benefits derived from bird life. As you know, the tending of a flower bed, the training of a vine, the planting of a tree, the tender care bestowed upon it, the eager watching for new developments in its growth, create an interest in it; so also with the study of birds. The building of bird-houses, the encouraging of birds to live in them, the love-making of the mates, the sight of the young birds in the nest, all engender a love for them, and will for many a child prove "the open sesame" into the changed circle of those forces of the out-door world which purify, refine and ennoble the heart of man, and give a sense of ownership that causes the pupil to feel that he is an integral part of that world.



THE SAGAMORE



AND thou, remembered Sagamore,
Some fairy pencil traced thy shore,
With most artistic beauties rife,
Ere sturdy Nature gave it life;
The woods that skirt thy verdant side
Bow over thee in love and pride,
And lay their shadows there to rest
Upon the pillow of thy breast;
No sounds of harsh discordance press
To mar thy blessed peacefulness.
The old pines murmur whisperingly,
As if in earnest praise of thee;
And troops of brilliant loving birds
Sing their delights in joyous words,
Responsive to thine own sweet speech
That breaks in music on thy beach.
Among thy haunts again we've played,
Again along thy shore we've strayed,
And bowed like pilgrims at a shine
Before thy beauties so divine!
Again our foreheads, warm and glowing,
Have felt thy crystal coolness flowing,
And love has strengthened in the beam
Reflected from thy shore and stream.

—B. P. Shillaber.

THE BEAUTIES OF NATURE



ADMIRING Nature in her mildest grace,
 These northern scenes with weary feet I trace;
 O'er many a winding dale and painful steep,
 Th' abodes of coveyed grouse and timid sheep,
 My savage journeyed, curious I pursue,
 Till famed Breadalbane opens to my view,
 The meeting cliffs each deep-sunk glen divides,
 The woods, wild scattered, clothe their ample sides.
 Th' outstretching lake, embosomed 'mong the hills,
 The eye with wonder and amazement fills;
 The Tay meandering sweet in infant pride,
 The palace rising on his verdant side;
 The lawns wood-fringed in Nature's native taste;
 The hillocks dropped in Nature's careless haste;
 The arches striding o'er the new-born stream;
 The village glittering in the noontide beam.

* * * * *

Poetic ardors in my bosom swell,
 Lone wandering by the hermit's mossy cell;
 The sweeping theatre of hanging woods,
 Th' incessant roar of headlong tumbling floods.

* * * * *

Here Poesy might wake her heaven-taught lyre,
 And look through Nature with creative fire;
 Here, to the wrongs of fate half reconciled,
 Misfortune's lightened steps might wander wild;
 And Disappointment in these lonely bounds
 Find balm to soothe her bitter, rankling wounds.
 Here heart-struck Grief might heavenward stretch her scan,
 And injured Worth forget and pardon man.

—Burns.

SONG OF THE BROOK



WITH many a curve my banks I fret
By many a field and fallow
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots;
I slide by hazel covers;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows;
I make the netted sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows.

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

—*Alfred Tennyson.*

MY HEART IS IN A GARDEN OF ROSES



MY HEART is a garden of roses,
And for thee a posey I twine;
Love's honey dew on them reposes,
And all of its sweetness is thine.

There breathes from my garden of roses
The odorous breath of the spring;
A fragrance as fresh as from oases
Cool winds o'er the desert bring.

Fair queen of my garden of roses,
My heart is thy home and thy throne;
I make thee a crown of sweet posies,
For this flow'ry kingdom's thine own.

At morn my fair garden of roses
Is awakened by strains of sweet song;
At eve, when in Dreamland it dozes,
A thousand bright visions throng.

Traversing my garden of roses,
Are walks lined with lovely parterres;
Each step some new landscape discloses,
Far-veiled in the Edenly airs.

Come into my garden of roses,
And walk with me, hand in hand,
Unto where life's golden gate closes,
At home in the sunset land.

ORIOLES, SWALLOWS, AND NIGHTHAWKS VALUABLE IN DESTROYING THE COTTON-BOLL WEEVIL



ALL the birds known as natural enemies of the cotton-boll weevil, orioles, swallows and nighthawks are the most important, according to the Biological Survey. Insect specialists of the bureau have made extensive investigations of the subject, which have developed that there are 60 kinds of birds that eat the weevil.

The nighthawk, or bullbat, catches the weevils on the wing in considerable numbers, especially during their migration. Unfortunately, the nighthawk is shot for sport or eaten for food in some sections of the South, but its value for good is infinitesimal as compared with the services it renders the cotton grower and other agriculturists, and every effort should be made to spread broadcast a knowledge of its usefulness as a weevil destroyer, with a view to its complete protection. The orioles, barn swallow, rough-wing swallow, bank swallow, cliff swallow, and the martin are all persistent enemies of the boll weevil.

From the standpoint of the farmer and the cotton grower these swallows are among the most useful birds. Especially designed by nature to capture insects in midair, their powers of flight and endurance are unexcelled, and in their own field they have no competitors. Their peculiar value to the cotton grower consists in the fact that, like the nighthawk, they capture boll weevils when flying over the fields, which no other birds do. Flycatchers snap up the weevils near trees and shrubbery. Wrens hunt them out when concealed under bark or rubbish. Blackbirds catch them on the ground, as do the killdeer, titlark, meadow lark, and others; while orioles hunt for them on the bolls. But it is the peculiar function of swallows to catch the weevils as they are making long flights, leaving the cotton

fields in search of hiding places in which to winter or entering them to continue their work of devastation.

Martins are not at all fastidious about the outward appearance of their dwellings, and a large gourd suspended from the top of a dead tree or a pole, or any kind of a weather-tight box or barrel, however rude, when divided into compartments answers their needs as well as the most costly and ornamental house. The rooms should be about $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide, 7 inches high, and 8 inches deep, with entrance about 3 inches in diameter. They will not build close to the ground, having a wholesome fear of cats and other invaders; hence the houses should be elevated from the ground not less than 15 feet. Drinking water is essential for martins and all other swallows, and the presence of a small pond, lake, or river greatly increases the chances for colonization.

—*U. S. Agri. Dept. Bulletin.*





IN THE MORNING-GLORY'S HEART



THERE'S a star in the morning-glory's heart,
A star of a wondrous hue;
A simple thing, but 'tis more than art
And the brush of man can do.

It is resting there on the petals wide;
A shadow it seems to be
Of one of the myriad stars that ride,
All gold, in the night's deep sea.

O, golden star of the autumn night,
While your twinkling watch is on,
Is your shadow cast by a higher light
And touched by the dew of dawn?

Does it fall on the morning-glory's heart,
A star of a wondrous hue,
A simple thing which is more than art
In the hand of man can do?

Ah, well, if the things are true that seem!
The star shadow out of the sea
Is only bit of the earthly dream
Of the glories that are to be.

—O. C. H. in "*Columbus Dispatch*."





I KILLED A ROBIN



I KILLED a robin. The little thing,
With a scarlet breast and a glossy wing,
That comes in the apple tree to sing.

I flung a stone as he twittered there;
I only meant to give him a scare,
But off it went and hit him square.

A little flutter—a little cry—
Then on the ground I saw him lie;
I didn't think he was going to die.

But as I watched him I soon could see
He never would sing for you and me
Any more on the apple tree.

Never more in the morning light,
Never more in the sunshine bright,
Trilling his song in gay delight.

And I'm thinking every summer day
How never, never I can repay
The little life I took away.



GADWALL



THESE birds, which measure about twenty-one inches in length, are cosmopolitan in distribution, but in America are nowhere as abundant as other species. They frequent marshes about fresh-water lakes and ponds, breeding chiefly in the interior and western America and being only casually found during migrations on the Atlantic coast north of Chesapeake Bay. Compared to other species, the drake is rather poorly plumaged, the black, white and chestnut on the wings only serving to break the monotony of the general coloring.

—*Game Birds.*



“IN MY DREAMS”



IN MY dreams there are forests with turbulent streamlets,
Where trout flash their gold in the noon-day sun.
In my land of Arcady the silence is soothing.
Each hour bears new joys ere the daylight is done.

In my dreams comes the hum of the reel o'er swift waters,
The thrill of each struggle brings sure cease to cares,
Whilst a melodic symphony in harmony with nature,
Is flowing from swelling throats, warbling sweet airs.

In my dreams there steals o'er me the deep peace of evening,
E'ry night folds its shroud round the forests of pine,
A memory of night winds that woo me to slumber,
To dream of the morrow and joys which are mine.

Frank J. Parsons.

KING RAIL



THESE are the largest of the true rails, measuring about eighteen inches in length. They are much brighter colored both above and below than the similar sized Clapper Rails.

They inhabit almost exclusively fresh-water marshes in eastern North America, breeding throughout the Eastern States and wintering in the Southern ones. Their form is typical of that of the rail family: long bill, long legs and short tail, the latter often carried erect over the back. They are very sly and secretive in all their habits, keeping well under cover of rushes or marsh grass, and doing most of their feeding after dark. It is very difficult to flush them, particularly without a dog. Their flight is very weak and fluttering; they fly but a few yards before dropping into the protecting grass again. On the ground, however, they are very active and quite graceful, running swiftly and threading their way with ease through the densest of weeds, rushes or brush. At night the marshes often resound with their loud, explosive, grunting calls.

Their food consist of aquatic insects, seeds, roots and grasses, which impart a delicate flavor to their flesh and put them in the game-bird class, although the sport of shooting them is confined largely to one's ability to make them fly, for once awing they are so easy a mark that even a novice can seldom miss one.

—*Game Birds.*

"MARRIAGE OF ANIMALS"



URPRISING though the statement may seem, it is a fact, borne out by the careful scientists, that practically every form of marriage contract known to men, from free love to the soul-mate theory, can be found in the animal world. Male animals even have their bachelor clubs, and that wonderful naturalist, Ernest Thompson Seton, has related how little societies of animals are established among the deer and antelopes. These societies usually consist of three or four young bucks, which range and feed together in perfect friendship. They are quite happy until some lady deer intrudes. But once a doe joins the herd, good-bye to peace. The brothers fight among themselves while the doe looks on and enjoys the sport until one of them drives off the others and goes away with her.

There are four distinct forms of marriage among monogamous animals. The first closely resembles the trial marriage, and is the type represented by the moose. The male selects as she pleases him and when she no longer charms he promptly divorces her and finds another mate.

The second type of animal marriage is that which lasts during the breeding season only. Some animals seek their mates again next season, but among rats, rabbits and squirrels the separation is permanent, although among foxes, coyotes and smaller animals the father, who presumably hates the worries of domestic life, usually stays away until the children have been reared and then returns.

The third type of animal marriage is that common among wild geese, pigeons and possibly owls. The union lasts through life, and if one of the pair dies the other never seeks a second mate, but mourns disconsolately until death.

The fourth type of marriage is the nearest approach to the ideal married life, and curiously enough is found most commonly among wolves. Wolves marry for life, and only the death of one leaves the other free to marry again. Furthermore, there is even a genuine display of chivalry and affection between such animals. It is recorded that two wolves in the London zoo were very jealous of each other and frequently quarreled. One day during an unusually furious dispute the male approached the female angrily as if to bite her, but just as he reached her stopped, as if held back by something within him. The female then approached timidly, gently licked his face and domestic happiness was once more restored.

—*Wilmington News.*

IN JUNE



CAN this be true, this golden summer time,
 With dewy roses making sweet the dreamy June,
 And soft winds playing tho' the tender leaves
 While drift the glowing stars and ghostly moon?
 The sleeping flowers are pale to silver gray,
 Can this be summer time: And you away?

The shadows in the pines play hide and seek,
 The warm air with their fragrance slowly fills,
 The nesting birds are still, with folded wings;
 The somber mists of night shut out the hills.
 Can all this dreamy time pass swift away?
 Will June not wait your coming, dear, one day?

—June Paget Davies.



THE ENCHANTMENT



I WONDER how the robin's throat
 Hath caught the rain's sweet dripping note,
 That little falling, pelting sound,
 Liquidly clear and crystal round.
 The very heart-tune of the Spring,
 Enchanted of the sky and ground,
 That conjures life from everything.

No ancient, age-worn witchery,
 No incantation, could set free
 The fast-bound dead; yet here each day,
 Robin and rain in mystic way
 Bring life back greenly; ah, and now
 One's heart and pulse obey
 That lure of music! Listen now——

INSECTS ARE THE TRUE RULERS OF THE UNIVERSE

MAN AND ALL HIS WORKS WOULD SOON BE AT
THEIR MERCY IF IT WERE NOT FOR BIRDS



AMONG the zoological articles in the Smithsonian annual report is one on the value of birds to man, in which the author, James Buckland, of London, makes the astonishing statement that although man imagines himself the dominant power of the earth, he is nothing of the sort; the true lords of the universe being the insects. For although man has attained predominance over the most fierce and powerful animals and most deadly reptiles, he and his works would be of little avail before an attack of insects, which include a greater number of species than all other living creatures combined. Some 300,000 species have been described, while possibly twice that number still remain unknown.

The author says that these innumerable hordes feed on nearly all living animals and practically all plants, and multiply into prodigious numbers in an incredibly short time. Computations show that one species developing 13 generations a year would, if unchecked to the twelfth generation, multiply to 10 sextillions of individuals; while a single pair of the well-known gypsy moths, if unchecked, would produce in eight years enough progeny to destroy all the foliage of the United States. One pair of potato bugs, he states, would develop unchecked 60,000,000 in a single season, at which rate of multiplication the potato plant would not long survive.

According to Mr. Buckland's article, insects are quite as astounding in their consuming qualities as in their rate of increase; a caterpillar eats twice its weight in leaves a day, and, in proportion, a horse would consume a ton of hay in 24 hours. Certain flesh-eating larvæ consume 200 times their original weight in 24 hours; in this manner an infant would devour 1,500 pounds of meat during the first day of its life. It is reported by a specialist that the food taken by a silk worm in 56 days equals 86,000 times its original weight. All of which facts show what tremendous destruction insects may cause.

Through its predominating insect diet, and on account of its exceedingly rapid digestion, the bird becomes the most indispensable balancing force of nature; without its assistance, man, with his poisons, the weather and animals, as well as the parasitic predaceous insects, would be helpless. The author then states how the bird is a benefit to man in a great number of ways; in checking insect invasions, in preserving forests and orchards; their service in the meadows and gardens; their value in protecting live stock, and their usefulness in the preservation of health and elimination of disease.

Remarkable instances of the birds' service to man include the introduction of the English sparrow into New Zealand with the resulting elimination of the thistle and the caterpillar, which were ruining the land and crops, and the saving of Australian agriculture from the grasshoppers by the straw-necked ibis, in individual craws of which an average of 2,400 grasshoppers was found. The story of Frederick the Great, wherein he is alleged to have ordered all small birds killed because the sparrows had pecked at some of his cherries, and the resulting lack of fruit but fine crop of caterpillars two years later, proves a graphic lesson. The "Scalp Act" of Pennsylvania, which paid in bounties \$90,000 for the extermination of hawks and owls, lost for the state \$3,850,000 in damage to agriculture, due to the increase of small rodents which resulted. When Montana was free from hawks and owls it became so overrun with destructive rodents that the legislature offered rewards for them—a task which the banished hawks and owls had performed free of charge. But during the first six months such large sums of money were paid out that a special session of the legislature was called to repeal the act before the state went bankrupt. In 1912 Lord Kitchener pointed out the necessity of prohibiting the destruction of certain Egyptian birds, which prevented insect pests.

In closing Mr. Buckland makes a plea for the preservation of all birds as a valuable natural resource, stating that if their destruction is not checked, there will be wrought a mischief, a universal disaster, greater than words can express.



WOOD DUCK.
 $\frac{1}{2}$ Life-size.

WOOD DUCK



NEARLY everyone is agreed that Wood Ducks are the most beautiful of any species found in this or any other country. The exquisitely colored and crested head, the iridescent glossy back and the delicately marked flanks combine to produce an effect that cannot be surpassed. Even the female is more beautiful than that of other species.

Beauty proves fatal to them, however, for they are hunted, not only for sport and food, but for their feathers, some of which are used in fly-tying. Wood Ducks are oft-times called "Summer Ducks" because they are a warm-weather species and sometimes termed "Bridal Ducks" because of their beauty which is associated with bridal robes.

They frequent wooded lakes or creeks, where they occasionally perch in the trees, but more often are found along the shores or floating among the grass of lagoons. Their note, which is sometimes uttered as they take wing, is a single sharply whistled "oeeck." They are of local occurrence and breed throughout the United States and southern Canada, but they are yearly becoming more scarce in all portions of their range. Their nests are in the cavities of trees, but not necessarily near the water's edge. The ducklings either flutter down the tree trunk or are carried to the ground in the bill of the mother.

—*Game Birds.*



TO A WATERFOWL



Whither, mid'st falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong.
As darkly seen against the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*





FISHING



YOU ask me, why I love this fishing,
Why, by some quiet stream I care to stray,
When far from out the south a-blowing,
The wind comes gently at the break of day.

You ask me, why I love to harken
As o'er the mossy stones, the waters sing.
Why, often there, I stop and ponder
The message that those laughing waters bring.

I answer: Have you tried this fishing,
When 'round your soul life's weary burdens lie?
Have you gone forth and heard the waters
That sing of peace, beneath God's open sky?

Of peace and rest, rest for one weary.
Of strength to throw aside some long-borne care.
That joy one finds a-fishing,
Such have I found beside the waters there.



APRIL'S DAY



IN THE tall elm tree sat the robin bright,
Through the rainy April day,
And he carolled clear with a pure delight
In the face of the sky so gray,
And the silver rain through the blossoms dropped,
And fell on the robin's coat.
And his brave red breast, but he never stopped
Singing his cheerful note.

For, oh, the fields were green and glad,
And the blissful life that stirred
In the earth's wide breast was full and warm
In the heart of the little bird.
The rain-cloud lifted, the sunset light
Streamed wide over valley and hill
As the plains of heaven the land grew bright
And the warm south wind was still.

Then loud and clear called the happy bird,
And rapturously he sang.
Till wood and meadow and riverside
With jubilant echoes rang.
But the sun dropped down in the great west,
And he hushed his song at last,
All nature softly sang to rest.
And the April day had passed.

—*Celia Thaxter.*

DICKCISSEL



THE male of this species is beautifully blended with yellow, white and gray, and has a black throat patch and brown shoulders. The female is duller. In the middle portions of the United States these birds, or Black-throated Buntings, as they are commonly called, are very numerous, frequenting dry, bushy fields or prairies. They are very persistent songsters, although their song is weak and has little melody. In July and August, when many birds are silent, they continue their plaintive chant even on the most sultry days.

The song is a simple chanting, "*chip, chip, che-che-che.*" The nest is made either on the ground, in bushes or thistles or in trees, being constructed of weeds, grasses, rootlets, corn husks, etc. There are four or five eggs in number, which are plain bluish white and hardly distinguishable from those of the Bluebird.

The Dickcissel breed in North America east of the Rockies, from the Gulf States north to the northern part of the United States; they are rare in the Atlantic States north to Connecticut.

—*Bird Guide.*



THE BIRDS



TIS spring and the birds are here again,
Who blithely carol forth their lay;
Each morn they swell their warbling throats
To greet the new, the budding day.

The robin on a topmost spray,
With breast of red and coat of brown,
Sings gaily at the dawn of day,
A song no care can drown.

The bluebird flitting here and there,
With flash of color and burst of song,
Sings of a mossy nest so rare,
On which the sun shines all day long.

The meadow lark, with song so sweet,
Soars toward the vaulted sky and sings
A lay that thrills with joyousness
And to our hearts great pleasure brings.

With carol sweet as silver chimes,
O birds, ye heralds of the spring,
What harmony to us you bring,
And gladness in our darkest times.

—*Herbert Wilson.*



FLICKER.

WELCOME TO THE BIRDS



HARK, hear the merry chorus,
List to the song so sweet,
From every tree-top o'er us,
Mountain and valley round us,
Echo the glad refrain,
Comes a carol meet;
Bidding us all be joyous,—
Join in the gladsome strain,
Cherish with kindly feeling,
Each little bird so dear,
Ever about us flitting,
Bringing us heartfelt cheer;
Throats that are never weary;
Gaily they chant their lay,
Birdies are ever cheery,
Make us like them, we pray.



THE DOWNY WOODPECKER



THE Downy is a drummer-boy, his drum a hollow limb;
If people listen or do not, it's all the same to him.
He plays a Chinese melody, and plays it with a will,
Without another drumstick but just his little bill;
And he isn't playing all for fun, nor just to have a lark,
He's after every kind of bug or worm within the bark;
Or, if there is a coddling moth, he'll get him without fail,
While holding firmly to the tree with all his toes, and tail.
He is fond of every insect, and every insect egg;
He works for everything he gets, and never has to beg.
From weather either cold or hot he never runs away;
So, when you find him present, you may hope that he will stay.
—Garrett Newkirk.

EARLY SPRING



HOW much more habitable a few birds make the fields! At the end of the winter, when the fields are bare and there is nothing to relieve the monotony of withered vegetation, our life seems reduced to its lowest terms. But let a bluebird come and warble over them, and what a change! The note of the first bluebird in the air answers to the purling rill of melted snow beneath. It is evidently soft and soothing, and, as surely as the thermometer, indicates a higher temperature. It is the accent of the south wind, its vernacular. It is modulated by the south wind.

The song sparrow is more sprightly, mingling its notes with the rustling of the brush along the water sides, but it is at the same time more terrene than the bluebird. The first woodpecker (flicker) comes screaming into the empty house and throws open doors and windows wide, calling out each of them to let the neighbors know of its return. * * * * When the blackbird gets to a *conqueree* he seems to be dreaming of the sprays that are to be and on which he will perch. The robin does not come singing, but utters a somewhat anxious or inquisitive *peep* at first. The song sparrow is immediately most at home of those I have named.

Each new year is a surprise to us. We find that we had virtually forgotten the note of each bird, and when we hear it again it is remembered like a dream, reminding us of a previous state of existence. How happens it that the associations it awakens are always pleasing, never saddening, reminiscences of our sanest hours? The voice of nature is always encouraging.

—H. D. Thoreau.

ROBERT BURNS



WHAT bird, in beauty, flight or song,
Can with the Bard compare,
Who sang as sweet, and soar'd as strong,
As ever child of air?

His plume, his note, his form, could Burns
For whim or pleasure change;
He was not one, but all by turns,
With transmigration strange.

The Blackbird, oracle of spring,
When flow'd his moral lay;
The Swallow wheeling on the wing,
Capriciously at play.

The Humming-bird, from bloom to bloom,
Inhaling heavenly balm;
The Raven, in the tempest's gloom;
The Halcyon, in the calm.

In "auld Kirk Alloway," the Owl,
At witching time of night;
By "bonnie Doon," the earliest Fowl
That carroll'd to the light.

He was the Wren amidst the grove,
When in his homely vein;
At Brannockburn the Bird of Jove,
With thunder in his train.

The Woodlark, in his mournful hours;
The Goldfinch, in his mirth;
The Thrush, a spendthrift of his powers,
Enrapturing heaven and earth.

The Swan, in majesty and grace,
Contemplative and still:
But roused,—no Falcon, in the chase,
Could like his satire kill.

The Linnet in simplicity,
In tenderness the Dove;
But more than all beside was he
The Nightingale in love.

Oh! had he never stoop'd to shame,
Nor lent a charm to vice,
How had Devotion loved to name
The Bird of Paradise!

Peace to the dead!—In Scotia's choir
Of Minstrels great and small,
He sprang from his spontaneous fire,
The Phoenix of them all.



YELLOW-BELLIED SAPSUCKER



HE sapsucker is about eight and a half inches in length, and is the only woodpecker having top of head from base of bill red, combined with a black patch on breast. They breed in the northern half of the United States and southern half of Canada, and winter in most of the States and south to Costa Rica. The yellow-bellied sapsucker is rather silent and suspicious and generally manages to have a tree between himself and the observer. Hence the bird is much better known by its works than its appearance. The regular girdles of holes made by this bird are common on a great variety of trees; in all about two hundred and fifty kinds are known to be attacked. Occasionally young trees are killed outright, but more loss is caused by stains and other blemishes in the woods which result from sapsucker punctures. These blemishes, which are known as bird pecks, are especially numerous in hickory, oak, cypress and yellow poplar. Defects due to sapsucker work cause an annual loss to the lumber industry estimated at \$1,250,000. The food of the yellow-bellied sapsucker is about half animal and half vegetable. Its fondness for ants counts slightly in its favor. It eats also wasps, beetles (including, however, very few wood-boring species), bugs, and spiders. The two principal components of the vegetable food are wild fruits of no importance and cambium (the layer just beneath the bark of trees). In securing the cambium the bird does the damage above described. The yellow-bellied sapsucker, unlike other woodpeckers, thus does comparatively little good and much harm.

—*Biological Survey Bulletin.*



THE WOODPECKER



RAP, rap, rap, rap, I hear thy knocking bill.
Then thy strange outcry, when the woods are still.
—Thus am I ever laboring for my bread,
And thus give thanks to find my table spread.

O PUMPKIN PIE



O PUMPKIN pie!
Athwart thy face
A hundred fancies may I trace!
I see the glint of summer sun,
And twilight, when the day is done;
The sober peace of musing cows
Who on the meadow grasses browse;
The radiant glory of the morn
That sweeps across the nodding corn.
A thousand happy fancies start
When thou are nestling near my heart.

O pumpkin pie!
I hear the breeze
That whispered in the maple trees;
I see the swaying fields of wheat,
And hear the birdsongs, clear and sweet;
And, low across the land at night,
I catch the ballad of delight—
The chant the cricket sings in glee;
And summer comes again to me.
O pumpkin pie! Thus dost thou cast
Thy joyous glamour o'er the past.

O pumpkin pie!
Within thy breast
These gladsome summer fancies rest;
The golden sunshine and the dew
Have paid their tribute through and through.
The song the lark trilled in the air
Within thy form is echoed there;
For all these things of joy to me
Were caught and firmly held by thee.
O pumpkin pie! For all thou didst
I welcome thee unto my midst!

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AMERICAN BALD EAGLE.

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AMERICAN BALD EAGLE



THE Eagle does not acquire its white head and tail under its fourth year. The head is fully feathered, and the name "Bald" refers solely to its white appearance. Up to three years of age it is of the same general color as the golden Eagle, and to distinguish the two species it is necessary to look at the lowest joint of the leg. If it is naked, the bird is a Bald Eagle, but if it is covered with feathers quite down to the toes, it is a golden eagle.

As a rule—to which there are numerous exceptions—the Bald Eagle is found along rivers, and the shores of lakes and ponds containing fish. Fish are its favorite food, and lambs are purely supplementary. As a regular thing, it catches fish out of the water, with neatness and despatch; but when it sees an osprey fly by with a large fish in its talons, the Eagle does not hesitate to levy tribute on the subject bird. Taken thus at a great disadvantage the fish-hawk has no option but to drop its fish, and go away to catch another, while the Eagle catches the prize before it touches the water and bears it away.

In its distribution, this Eagle ranges over the whole of North America from Mexico to Kamchatka. Considering the size of the bird, it holds its own remarkably well, even in New England. In Florida it is very abundant all along the Indian River, and in one locality in the State of Washington it is so numerous that its depredations on the flocks of sheep-raisers are cause for serious complaint and reprisals.

In the East so many Eagles are caught alive and offered for sale that it is a difficult matter to find sale for one at \$10. This bird so seldom destroys domestic animals, or game-birds, there is no excuse for its destruction save possibly in a few far-western localities where

it happens to be very numerous, and evinces a particular fondness for lambs.

For many reasons it has become almost a fashion among writers to denounce the Bald Eagle, and declare it a shame that such a bird ever was chosen as our national standard-bearer. Some have asserted that the brave and high-minded wild-turkey would have been more appropriate!

Against all of this, I have nothing to say. The American Eagle needs no defense from me. Whether

"He clasps the crag with hooked hands,
Close to the sun in lonely lands,"

or perches defiantly on the United States coat-of-arms, with a brow to threaten or command, he is beloved by at least seventy-two million people who will rise as one whenever he is really in need of defenders. Abroad, it once was well-nigh an international fashion to flout this bird, and the standard he bears; but since May 1, 1900, that fashion has gone out. Abroad, those who do not respect this bird fear him, wholesomely. At home, it is quite time for all strangers to secure an introduction to him, and for some of those who should be his friends but are not, to write him down no longer.

—*American Natural History.*



THE SPIRIT OF THE EAGLE



HALF wakened by a moonbeam's farewell kiss,
The pool within the forest meadow lay
And smoked with early mists. O'er night's abyss
The errant breezes of arriving day
Brushed with their fairy hands the sleeping pines,
Hailed forth the ruddy legions of the sun
To fill the East with ruby of old wines,
And called the jeweled birds out one by one,
Till presently within the wood there fell
A thrush's chiming, like a crystal bell.
That sylvan note in elfin echoes ran
From hill to hill, from grove to honeyed grove,
And as a dream voice in the ear of Pan
Presaging day, its liquid music strove
To rouse the slumbrous god. Fragrant and cool
The respirations of the quickening dawn
Breathed o'er the wood; then lo! beside the pool
Blushing and ivory-limbed, white nymph and Faun
Leaped joyously; or borne on shaggy brute
Trafficked in cherry blooms and wood-sweet fruit.

The low moon set. The wood folk brave with song
Romped wildly in their Bacchanalian glee
Till one among this gallant festive throng
Blew the shrill silver horn that bade them flee,
And even at the warning, from the glade
The voice of something sorely wounded cried.
Headlong they fled as from the pine tree's shade
A white doe broke the thicket. In her side
An arrow drove her on with bitter pain,
And flecked her silky flank with crimson stain.

Straight to the pool she blindly made her way,
Ah, piteous sight to those bright morning skies!
For reaching it she stumbled, fell and lay
Half in the water, with soft dewy eyes

In terror backward gazing toward the wood ;
And when the East was bathed in golden light,
Came Acteon and in the meadow stood,
Searching with eager glance to left and right.
He saw her ! gave a loud triumphant cry,
And plucked an arrow from his war-girth thigh.

But there he paused. Out of the morning blue
Swift as a plummet dropped from Zeus' throne
With sword-shaped pinions dipped in sunrise hue,
A great gold eagle plunged, a living stone,
Ah, then it was the hunter stayed his hand,
For with its mighty wings spread dark and wide,
The bird in cooling shadow gently fanned
The stricken deer ; and hovering by her side
Wrenched at the arrow that had laid her low,
And filled the air with screams of fiercest woe.

Oh, Acteon, be gone ere yet the dawn
Hath dried from vine and leaf the crystal dew ;
Go, go ! ere Dryad, Nymph and bearded Faun
Come to avenge the death of her ye slew.
But look ! Fate holds him and he waits too long,
The meadow seethes in anger and dismay ;
The eagle claps his wings, ten thousand strong
Flash creatures of the forest forth to slay !
And he who reaped the life blood of the doe,
The king of birds strikes earthward with a blow !

So are the weaker championed by the strong ;
So doth the hunter with the hunted bleed ;
And so the eagle's battle ringing song
Doth voice for man a brave immortal creed !
—*Paul Brandreth.*



PASSENGER PIGEON.



LAST OF WILD PIGEONS DIES



NEWS of the death in Cincinnati of Martha, the last wild pigeon in the world, according to all ornithological records, was conveyed recently to P. Gilbert Pearson, general executive officer of the National Audubon Societies, in a telegram from Eugene Swope, the Ohio agent of the societies at Cincinnati. The death of Martha, according to Mr. Pearson, is a calamity of as great importance in the eyes of naturalists as the death of a Kaiser to Germans throughout the world.

Martha had been in poor health for several years in her cage at the Zoological Garden in Cincinnati. Many efforts had been made to find a mate for her, or to discover some other specimen of the wild pigeon, but they were without avail. According to all ornithological data available, Martha was the last of her tribute in the world.

Members of the National Audubon Societies some time ago offered a prize of \$1,500 to any one who could find a wild pigeon nest. All that was necessary was to find the nest, telegraph C. F. Hodge, a naturalist of Clark University, and to await the findings of ornithologists whom he would immediately dispatch to the scene to investigate the genuineness of the find. The Audubon Societies received on an average 100 false alarms a year, but in not a single case was the nest reported found to be a wild pigeon's. Instead almost every such nest was found to be that of an ordinary turtle dove. The wild pigeon resembles the ordinary wild dove, but is considerably larger.

The extinction of the wild pigeon was the more amazing because of the vast extent to which it had flourished in this country prior to 1865. Wild passenger pigeons used to travel over the country by millions. Audubon himself told of their roosting in cer-

tain parts of Kentucky in territory covering a space three miles long, which was almost literally hidden by them. Hundreds of farmers, he tells, used to camp on the outside of the vast roosting pigeon host and shoot them by the thousands from the edge of their resting place. The birds were fed by thousands to the farmers' hogs after each night's killing.

The slaughter raged for years with nets, traps, and guns, and by 1884 there were very few of the wild pigeons seen in the country. Several years ago they had dwindled down to a few specimens left in captivity in Milwaukee and in the Cincinnati Zoo. Martha's mate died about four years ago, and though a prize of \$1,000 was offered for any one who could find another bird to take its place, Martha remained in solitary widowhood until she died.

Martha herself was hatched in captivity in the Cincinnati Zoo. At the time of her death she was twenty-nine years old. Her last illness had been a matter of concern to ornithologists the world over, and the Cincinnati agent of the Audubon Societies had been instructed to communicate at once with leading ornithologists and naturalists of the country as soon as she died.



SAGE HEN



THIS, the largest of American grouse, measuring about twenty-eight inches in length and weighing up to eight pounds, is found in western North America from British Columbia and Assiniboia to central California and Colorado. The hen bird is considerably smaller than the cock, measuring but twenty-three inches in length.

These great birds inhabit the Great Basin and arid plains throughout their range, where sage is the prevailing brush. They are strictly terrestrial fowl, feeding almost wholly on sage leaves which impart a disagreeable taste to their flesh. They remain common only in regions remote from civilization, for their large bodies offer such an easy mark even though their flight be swift, that they soon become scarce after the country becomes settled.

Because of their great size, the actions of cock birds during mating season are even more ludicrous than those of other grouse. The air sacs on the neck are enormously inflated until the whole breast is balloon-shaped and then he slides along over the bare ground for some distance on this improvised pneumatic tire. While expelling the air, he produces a great variety of cackling and rumbling noises. At the end of this season the feathers on the breast are worn away by this constant friction with the ground, leaving only the stiff shafts at their ends.

—*Game Birds.*

ELEGY—WRITTEN IN SPRING



L OOSSED from the bands of frost, the verdant ground
Again puts on her robe of cheerful green,
Again puts forth her flowers; and all around
Smiling, the cheerful face of Spring is seen.

Behold! the trees new deck their withered boughs;
Their ample leaves, the hospitable plane,
The taper elm, and lofty ash disclose;
The blooming hawthorn variegates the scene.

The lily of the vale, of flowers the queen,
Puts on the robe she neither sewed nor spun;
The birds on ground, or on the branches green,
Hop to and fro, and glitter in the sun.

Soon as o'er eastern hills the morning peers,
From her low nest the tufted lark upsprings;
And, cheerful singing, up the air she steers;
Still high she mounts, still loud and sweet she sings.

Now is the time for those who wisdom love,
Who love to walk in virtue's flowery road,
Along the lovely paths of Spring to rove,
And follow Nature up to Nature's God.

—*Michael Bruce.*





WILD TURKEY



WILD Turkeys are the largest and finest of game birds and the originators of the common domestic turkeys. They are found in their several races in eastern and southern United States, north to Pennsylvania and west to Texas; formerly north to New England. They frequent wooded districts and are by nature very wary and shy, yet they are very easily trapped and it was this means that has driven them from most of their former range. At present they are taken chiefly by trailing or by calling. They have a remarkable keen sense of sight and smell and a strong pair of legs with which to run away, as well as good wings if necessity demands their use. With plenty of cover, the turkey is pretty capable of caring for himself.

—*Game Birds.*



SEASONABLE



CAME a glimpse of black and orange from the maples o'er
the way,

Where the oriole was trilling to his mate.

The blackbird in the willows whistled merrily all day,

So we thought our winter woolens out of date.

The robin's merry music awakened us at dawn

And the grass was showing green along the street,

But something seemed to tell us that we better keep em on,

Although to lay 'em off would be a treat.

We heard the tree-toads chirping in the trees, a little bit,

We began to think the spring was really here.

'T was such a forward season that we donned our Porosknit,

Then the weather changed so quick, we thought it queer.

We'd no sooner got 'em on than the mercury went down,

So we slid back in those woolens mighty soon.

Now, we're just agoin' to wear 'em, let the weather smile or frown

And we'll never take 'em off again 'till June.

—*A. W. Whitehead.*

“THE BROOKSIDE AND THE HILLSIDE”



THE stream beneath a bridge had made a pool
Of dusky water, fring'd with sedge and reeds,
Where water lilies their white vases oped
Each with a gem of gold within its heart.
On the slant bank the wild rosebushes grew,
All their pink petals to the view disclos'd,
Their images reflected in the wave.
Here flew the bright kingfishers, blue and gold,
Foll'wing in flight the windings of the stream;
And here a bird with snow-white, downy breast,
The water-ouzel, dipping its black bill,
Perched on a mossy stone, or skimmed the wave:

It was a fairy scene to charm the eye!
Down the swift stream, amid the shadow's dusk,
The gnat swarms hovered, and the minnows bright
Twinkled and lighten'd in the sweeping tide,
And leaped the trout where insects sought the wave.
The sweetest song-birds from each bending twig
And coppice pour'd their souls in liquid strains;
And heavens above were sunshine, and the earth
Rejoiced in a full fruition of the day;
Delicious were the bird-hymns, and most sweet
The trickling murmur of the running brook."

—*John Keats.*

STRIVE, WAIT AND PRAY



STRIVE: yet I do not promise
The prize you dream of today
Will not fade when you think to grasp it,
And melt in your hand away;
But another and holier treasure,
You would now perchance disdain,
Will come when your toil is over,
And pay you for all your pain.

Wait: yet I do not tell you
The hour you long for now
Will not come with its radiance vanished,
And a shadow upon its brow;
Yet, far through the misty future,
With a crown of starry light,
An hour of joy you know not
Is winging her silent flight.

Pray: though the gift you ask for
May never comfort your fears—
May never repay your pleadings—
Yet pray, and with hopeful tears;
An answer, not that you long for,
But diviner will come one day;
Your eyes are too dim to see it,
Yet strive, and wait, and pray.

—Adelaide A. Proctor.



THE PARABLE OF THE DAY



THE autumn day is weaving
Shimmering mist o'er brook and bower;
With golden wand it touches
Rustling leaf and fading flower;
Its shuttle is unwinding
Wondrous tinted threads of song,
And binding every shadow
With the sunset's crimson thong.

Love's golden loom is weaving
Brightest hope o'er every life,
And stilling with a glowing promise
Every throb of pain and strife.
While from its shuttle 'tis unsnarling
Many threads of somber woe,
'Tis lacing all in rich designing
For the weft of evening glow.
—*Mary Grace Hayes.*



TOWHEE OR CHEWINK



THIS is a bird of the swamps, brushy pastures and open woodlands. They are ground birds and usually are found scratching among the leaves; the male, with his black, white and brown clothes, makes a conspicuous object, while the female, with her brown and white dress, harmonizes with the leaves so that it is difficult to see her. While his mate is sitting on her nest, the male will frequently sit in a tree top and persistently sing for many minutes at a time.

The song is a loud and clear, "*tow-hee-e-e*," or "*see-tow-hee-e-e*," with the last notes tremulous; the call is a sharp "*chewink*." The nest is usually on the ground, but rarely in bushes; it is made of strips of bark, grass and leaves. The eggs are white with reddish-brown dots over the whole surface.

The Chewink breeds in eastern North America, from the Gulf States to Southern Canada, and it winters in the Southern States.

A sub-species is the White-eyed Towhee, which has white eyes instead of red and has less white on the tail; it is found on the South Atlantic coast.

—*Bird Guide.*



A LITTLE MINISTER



I KNOW a little minister who has a big degree;
Just like a long-tailed kite he flies his D. D. D. D. D.
His pulpit is old-fashioned, though made out of growing pine;
His great-grandfather preached in it in days of auld lang syne.

Sometimes this little minister forgets his parson's airs—
I saw him turn a somersault right on the pulpit stairs;
And once, in his old meeting-house, he flew into the steeple,
And rang a merry chime of bells to call the feathered people.

He has a tiny help-meet, too, who wears a gown and cap,
And is so very wide-awake she seldom takes a nap;
She preaches also sermonettes, with headlets one, two, three,
In singing monosyllables beginning each with D.

But O her little minister she does almost adore—
I've heard her call her sweet D. D. full twenty times or more.
And his pet polysyllable—why, did you hear it never?
He calls her Phe-be B, so dear, I'd listen on forever.

Now if there is a Bright Eyes small who'd like to go with me,
And on his cautious tiptoes ten creep softly to a tree,
I'll coax this little minister to quit his leafy perch,
And show this little boy or girl the way to go to church.

And where his cozy parsonage his hidden in the trees,
And how in summer it is full of little D. D. D.'s;
And if Bright Eyes will prick his ears he'll hear the titmice say,
"Good-morning!" which in Chicadese is always, "Day, day, day."

—Ella Gilbert Ives.

THE GOLDEN TREASURY



THE Attic warbler pours her throat
Responsive to the cuckoo's note,
The untaught harmony of Spring:
While, whispering pleasure as they fly,
Cool Zephyrs thro' the clear blue sky
Their gather'd fragrance fling.

Where'er the oak's thick branches stretch
A broader, browner shade,
Where'er the rude and moss-grown beech
O'er canopies the glade,
Beside some water's rushy brink
With me the Muse shall sit, and think
(At ease reclined in rustic state)
How vain the ardor of the crowd,
How low, how little are the proud,
How indigent the great!

Still is the toiling hand of Care;
The panting herds repose:
Yet hark, how thro' the peopled air
The busy murmur glows!
The insect-youth are on the wing,
Eager to taste the honeyed Spring
And float amid the liquid noon:
Some lightly o'er the current skim,
Some show their gayly-gilded trim
Quick-glancing to the sun.

THE CONSERVATION OF WILD LIFE IN ALABAMA



PRIOR to the enactment of our present system of game and bird conservation we struggled along under the operation of local game laws that were totally inefficient and non-enforceable. Each year every species of wild life was being rapidly depleted. Hundreds of thousands of our live quail were trapped and shipped to northern markets, while thousands of dozens of these birds were slaughtered by pot-hunters and expressed to distant cities where they brought fancy prices at restaurants.

Deer and wild turkey were disappearing; doves were growing fewer; squirrels were deplorably scarce.

If a census of the game in Alabama had been taken in 1907 and then again in 1914 the result would undoubtedly show that during the last seven years game and birds have increased in Alabama at least two-fold. The cause of the multiplication of the wild species is due to the following reasons:

- (a) The close season on game is universally respected.
- (b) The transportation of game to points within and without the State by common-carriers has been absolutely stopped.
- (c) The sale of game, except in remote instances and then only very surreptitiously, has ceased. The pot-hunter therefore having been deprived of enjoying the monetary fruits of his murderous vocation has stopped the butchery of game.
- (d) The prerequisite of persons hunting outside of their voting precinct of residence without licenses has kept hundreds of members of the idle and worthless classes found in towns and cities, out of the fields and forests.
- (e) The provision of the law requiring written permission to hunt on lands has reduced the area over which hunting was formerly done and therefore has permitted game to increase in many localities without molestation.

(f) The bag-limit has been respected by all true sportsmen who have compelled many game-hogs, by fear of prosecution and moral suasion, to abide its terms.

(g) The farmers have realized the value of birds and game and have resisted its wholesale slaughter on their possessions.

(h) Public sentiment has become thoroughly awakened as to the value of birds and game, and except in notoriously lawless communities, has compelled the observance of our conservation statutes.

It must be realized that it is impossible to enact an unbreakable law. Men are constantly committing offenses punishable by death, although they have full knowledge of the penalty of their crime in the event of conviction. A man-made law that does not embrace a portion of the decalogue is popularly construed to involve no moral wrong; it is therefore difficult to secure convictions for offenses like smoking on street cars, expectorating on the sidewalks or exceeding the speed-limit prescribed for motor cars. No man feels called upon to report his neighbor for such offenses, and the local peace officers are notoriously inactive, hence but few prosecutions for the class of offenses cited follow.

It is imperative therefore that if a conservation law is to be enforced it must be committed to a specially constituted department, aided and augmented by vigilant special law officers, or wardens, whose specific duty it is to bring all offenders against it promptly to justice.

All other systems of enforcing conservation statutes have been tried and have been abandoned for the reason that they have proven woeful failures. In forty-seven States the enforcement of the game laws is entrusted to game commissioners.

A law is observed for the following reasons:

- (a) Because the individual favors that particular law.
- (b) Because it is the law, and the individual, though he may oppose it, is a law-abiding citizen.
- (c) Fear of apprehension and of subsequent punishment.

The enforcement of a conservation statute therefore is not merely a matter of education and civilization, but of constant vigilance as well.

The benefits arising under our conservation laws, as well as the by-products such as keeping the negroes at work during the hunting season, and worthless pilferers of small stock and poultry out of the fields, are so great that the great mass of our people regard the statutes for the conservation of their natural resources of field, forest and streams as the most popular laws enacted in fifty years.

The wild life of Alabama is steadily coming back. Deer and turkey each year are seen in numbers in counties from which they had practically disappeared twenty years ago. Indeed, a citizen of Tuscaloosa county has for the past two years written the Commissioner of Game and Fish, each season, demanding pay for his annual pea crop which he alleges has been destroyed by herds of the State's deer.

It is safe to assert that Alabama is far ahead of any other Southern State in game, bird and fish conservation, being the pioneer in the South in this regard and that the laws rank along with those of the older States of the North and East.

There is therefore guaranteed to our people and to posterity a fair and reasonable supply of game which bids fair to increase to the point when, as of yore, Alabama will become a hunter's paradise, a veritable sportsman's elysium.



AMERICAN BARN OWL.
 $\frac{1}{2}$ Life-size.

BARN OWL



THIS Owl is about seventeen inches in length. Its facial disk is not circular as in our other owls; the plumage above is pale yellow, and beneath varying from silky white to pale bright tawny. It is a resident of Mexico, in the southern United States and north to New York, Ohio, Nebraska and California.

The barn owl, often called monkey-faced owl, is one of the most beneficial of the birds of prey, since it feeds almost exclusively on small mammals that injure farm produce, nursery and orchard stock. It hunts principally in the open and consequently secures such mammals as pocket gophers, field mice, common rats, house mice, harvest mice, kangaroo rats and cotton rats. It occasionally captures a few birds and insects. At least a half bushel of the remains of pocket gophers have been found in the nesting cavity of a pair of these birds. Remembering that a gopher has been known in a short time to girdle seven apricot trees worth \$100 it is hard to overestimate the value of the service of a pair of barn owls. 1,247 pellets of the barn owl collected from the Smithsonian towers contained 3,100 skulls of which 3,004, or 97 per cent, were of mammals; 92, or 3 per cent, of birds; and 4 were of frogs. The bulk consisted of 1,987 field mice, 656 house mice and 210 common rats. The birds eaten were mainly sparrows and blackbirds. This valuable owl should be rigidly protected throughout its entire range.

—*Biological Survey Bulletin.*



THE OWL



BLUE-EYED, strange-voiced, sharp-beak'd, ill-omen'd fowl,
What art thou?

—What I ought to be, an owl;
But if I'm such a scarecrow in your eye,
You're a much greater fright in mine;—good-bye!

A SONG OF THE FALL



STATELY pine and quaking asp and berry bush where the blue
grouse drums,
Willow leaf that borders the brook, and last few flowers where the
wild bee hums;
And down the glade to the lowlands, Boy, to the sod and fallow and
fen,
Where the ferns skirt up to the service-bush, with the twit of the
willow hen;

For that is the way
At the close of day
We hear the song of the wild.

Across the waste where the sage is rank, and the blue marsh lies
in the sun,
The sage cock struts, but beckons not, the day is not yet done;
A western breeze sighs in rustling ease where the thick green tulles
sway,

And bittern shrieks, and nightbirds talk to the sinking orb of day—
Listen, the din!
When the flight comes in
To answer the voice of the night.

Bronze-green head of the mallard drake, keen and alert at the turn,
The old wild song of passing swan, the wierdness of coot and hern;
Gadwall and teal in the fading blue and wise old duck of ebon hue,
And rasping talk of things that squawk are heard in the broad-bill
crew—

Now, Boy, find
That good old blind
And we'll list to the song of fall.

Cold gray eye, with snap in the air and rush of wings o'erhead
And sprinkle of rain is a joyful cause and sun's glare turns to red;
Mark to the right! and the quick, short snap that pops from the
 tube of steel,
And feathered flock drives up from the shock with many a dart and
 reel—

 Ho, for the bird, Boy!
 Charge! You are heard, Boy!
 Wait for the speeding flight!

Muscle and bone, and the blood-red tone—gifts of the golden wild;
Quick'ning pulse, and the huntsman's pride, and tender heart of a
 child
That does not kill, nor wanton slay, but follows man-made law of
 the day
With the pagan tang that always sang in the blood of the primal
 way—

 So, eyes down the wind, Boy!
 Follow and find, Boy!
 Ho, for the autumn flight!

—Chas. G. Sumner.



DOWITCHER



DOWITCHERS are divided into two races; the present, which is the eastern form, and the Long-billed Dowitcher, which is supposed to be chiefly western. The former probably breeds in northern Ungava and Arctic Islands and migrates chiefly along the Atlantic coast; the latter breeds along the Arctic coast west of Hudson Bay and migrates through the western part of Mississippi Valley, both wintering from the Gulf States to South America. Since the distinction is dependent wholly upon size and length of bills, and these features among shore birds are always very variable, they may well be considered as one variety, as in all probability they are.

Like most of the sandpipers a great difference exists between the summer and winter plumage, the latter being composed only of grays and whites. Although very small, only a trifle more than ten inches in length, they are shot in great quantities; while quite wary, they very readily decoy and consequently are very easy to secure. They are known by a great variety of names, most common of which are red-breast, snipe, robin snipe, brown snipe, German snipe and gray-back, some referring to the summer and some to the winter plumages. They are quite gregarious and are usually seen in large flocks during migrations, though sometimes a few mix with flocks of other species.

—*Game Birds.*



ROSE-BREASTED GROSBEAK



THE male of this species is black and white with rose breast and under wing coverts, but the female resembles a large striped sparrow in color. The center of abundance of these beautiful creatures is in the northern half of eastern United States. In beauty and song they fully atone for what the northerners lose because of the southerly distribution of the Cardinal. They are found in swamps, small patches of woods and sometimes in orchards and gardens. They are rather quiet birds, that is, they do not move about much, but they can easily be found by their song.

The song is a rich, full, whistling carol, almost without exception immediately preceded by a sharp *chip*. The call is a deep-toned chirp. The nest is a loose, frail cradle of twigs at low elevations in trees or thickets; the eggs are bluish green spotted with brown.

These birds breed in the northern half, east of the Rockies, and in southern Canada. They winter in Central America.

—*Bird Guide.*



BIRDS IN THE NIGHT



BIRDS in the night that softly call,
 Winds in the night that strangely sigh,
 Come to me, help me, one and all,
 And murmur, murmur, murmur, murmur, baby's lullaby,
 Lullaby, Lullaby, Lullalulla, Lullalullaby, Lullaby Baby,
 While the hours run, Fair may the day be,
 When night is done, Lullaby, Baby, while the hours run,
 Lullaby, Lullaby, Lullaby, Lullaby, Lullaby.

Life may be sad for us that wake,
 Sleep, little bird, and dream not why.
 Soon is the sleep but God can break,
 When angels whisper, whisper, angels whisper lullaby,
 Lullaby, Lullaby, Lullalulla, Lullalullaby, Lullaby Baby,
 While the hours run, Fair may the day be,
 When night is done, Lullaby, Baby, while the hours run,
 Lullaby, Lullaby, Lullaby, Lullaby, Lullaby.

TO A PIPE, I



PARENT of Fancy and its lovely dream!
Brother of Solace and close-clinging Hope;
You shall be near me when I vainly grope,
Earthward along Faith's full unblemished stream;
Thrice blessed Pipe—you will forever teem
With such delights—there is no slope,
So green, could ease me—when you ope
Lo, wide the door on Life's most sunny beam!
Call me an hour for redeeming thought;
(Some musing hour, some undisturbed hour)
And do not wake me—let me quiet be,
With all the world of friendship in my power.
Then in the wavering smoke shall sorrows flee,
And many a face shall rise where I have sought.

TO A PIPE, II

Then I'll recline among enraptured scenes!
A brook—a meadow—and blue skies:—
And all those things of shadowy emprise;
Such as the twilight on far-fading greens;
Some shape of summer that forever gleams,
Stillness and joy—such as entice
Us to dear Nature's breast. To rise
Far—far above to deeper—deathless, means.
Then I'll depart—and in my heart no fear;
Wreathed all around I will be Memory's King—
Some wandering nomad, ever at his quest,
Or risen high, on an engoldened wing:
So shall I pierce beyond our Heaven's Rest,
Or melt to rain in the blue atmosphere!

AN OLD ORCHARD IN WINTER



IT WAS years ago, and no one knows
Just who planted the orchard rows,
Bedded and firmed the tender feet
Of the Twenty Ounce and the Golden Sweet,
And the straggling clan whose branches meet
Over Pomona's little aisles. . . .

A tumbledown wall and an old rail fence
Guard the orchard with poor pretense;
And pilferers, footed and winged, come there
Even in winter, when boughs are bare,
And the nuthatch hunts for his meager share,
Peering and pecking this way and that,
First up, then down, like an acrobat. .

Deer stroll in from the mountain pass . . .
Gratefully nosing the buried treat
Of fruit, frost-bitten, and brown, and sweet,
Brought to light by their trampling feet;
And up where weathering crabapples cling
The grosbeaks cavil and feast and sing. . . .
All winter long to the Golden Sweet
And the Twenty Ounce and the trees that meet,
Neglected and old, in this wild retreat
Come bird and beast in their need akin,
And make the old orchard their wayside inn.

—*Florence Boyce Davis, in "The Scoop."*

A GROSBEAK IN THE GARDEN



WHEN through the heaviness and clamoring throng
Of mortal ways I hear the mellow song
Of birds, the birds seem sent to me.
If this be my insanity,
As men will measure it—so let it be!

When shadows that no will can drive away
Entomb me, then no sermon blesseth day,
More true and sweet than that pure note
My ear hath caught afloat
From out the garden grosbeak's fervent throat.

Thou, crimson-caped messenger of God,
Seem'st not to feel the thorned and bitter rod
Of Life—thy hours are joyously beguiled
With melodies so wild!
In sooth, thy creed is *trusting as a child!*

Full knowing that thy living days are brief
Thou grudgest even an hour for sober grief;
Thy poems are scattered free, without a name,
Nor hast thou thought of fame!
Is my unpaid aspiring yet my blame?

The world is wide 'twixt man and worlds divine,
And hearts are dull to such a song as thine;
But I have heard. Sing on, from tree to tree,
As thou has sung to me,—
And more shall find the God that guideth thee!

Ivan Swift, Harbor Springs, Michigan.

THE GAME LAW



PROHIBITS the killing of wild birds other than the game birds enumerated below, except English sparrows, hawks, owls and crows. The open season on game birds is as follows: Wild turkey gobblers, from December 1st to April 1st; quail, November 1st to March 1st; doves, August 1st to March 1st; swan, geese, brant, ducks, rails, coots, mud hens, sand pipers, woodcocks and curlews, September 1st to March 15th; snipe and plover, November 1st to May 1st.

The killing of wild turkey hens is at all times prohibited.

Prohibits any pitfall, deadfall, scaffold, cage, snare, trap, net, salt lick, baited hook or baited field, or any other similar device, or any drug, poisonous chemicals or explosives, for the purpose of injuring, capturing or killing any protected bird or animal; also prohibits hunting protected birds or animals between dark and daylight. Unlawful to kill or capture any song or insect destroying bird at any time.

Open season on deer, November 1st to January 1st, and prohibits killing of doe, or female deer, at all times.

Open season on squirrels from October 1st to the following March 1st.

Fixes the following limits for each person in one day: One deer, two turkeys, and twenty-five game birds.

Prohibits the sale or offering for sale of protected game birds or animals.

Prohibits the shipping or carrying of game except openly and in the possession of those who have hunter's license, as required by law. Prohibits carriers from accepting game to be carried in any other way, either within the State or without the State. Prohibits absolutely the carrying or shipping of live game.

Makes it unlawful to hunt on the land of another without written permission.

OVEN-BIRD



HIS bird has an orange brown head, bordered by black; there is no white on the wings or tail. Oven-birds are found in open woods where they build their arched nests on the ground among the leaves or pine needles. It is the peculiar oven-like construction of their nests that give them their name. They are essentially ground birds, only mounting to the lower branches of trees to sing or when scolding an intruder.

The song is a peculiar ascending note resembling the word teacher, repeated five or six times and gathering strength and volume with each syllable; the call is a sharp chip.

The nest is made of leaves, strips of bark and grass arched over the top so as to leave a very small opening; it is placed on the ground in woods. There are four to six white eggs spotted with reddish brown.

Oven-birds breed throughout eastern North America, in the northern half of the United States and north to Labrador; they winter chiefly south of the United States.

—*Bird Guide.*





OVEN-BIRD.
¾ Life size



THERE WAS A CHERRY-TREE



THERE was a cherry-tree. Its bloomy snows
Cool even now the fevered sight that knows
No more its airy visions of pure joy—
As when you were a boy.

There was a cherry-tree. The Blue-jay set
His blue against its white—O blue as jet
He seemd there then!—But *now*—Whoever knew
He was so pale a blue!

There was a cherry-tree—Our child-eyes saw
The miracle:—Its pure white snows did thaw
Into a crimson fruitage, far too sweet
But for a boy to eat.

There was a cherry tree, give thanks and joy!—
There was a bloom of snow—There was a boy—
There was a Blue-jay of the realest blue—
And fruit for both of you.

—James Whitcomb Riley.



THE DAYS GONE BY



O THE days gone by! O the days gone by!
The apples in the orchard, and the pathway through the rye;
The chirrup of the robin, and the whistle of the quail
As he piped across the meadows sweet as any nightingale;
When the bloom was on the clover, and the blue was in the sky,
And my happy heart brimmed over, in the days gone by.



THE FLYCATCHER CLASS



THE Flycatcher bird is a lively bird,
And a way of his own hath he,
To perch perchance on a weed or a post
Or the outer branch of a tree.

There, turning his head from side to side,
He looks with an eager eye,
Above, below, and all around,
For insects as they fly.

On seeing one, he's off like a flash,
For a capture quick, and then,
With easy, dancing flight, returns
To his chosen perch again.

Oh, the Flycatcher birds are lively birds,
And sportsmen every one,
They always take their game on the wing,
Without the noise of a gun.
—By permission of Dr. Garrett Newkirk.

THE WORM THE BIRD DID NOT EAT



WHEN you find a worm in the fruit you are eating—don't blame the worm, nor the dealer who sold you the fruit, but blame the man, woman, or boy who killed the bird that would have eaten the worm. Men hunters, women and girl bird wearers, and boy shooters and collectors of eggs—all these are to blame for the worms in the fruit and vegetables.

BOYS AND GUNS AND CAMERAS

Think of the hardening, degrading effect on the boys who go around shooting at birds and other animals. Think also of the great danger to everybody. The children themselves are often injured. Many cases of eyes partially or wholly destroyed by toy guns have been reported.

Think of the softening, uplifting effect on the boys who go around with cameras taking pictures of birds and other animals. They have the fun of getting the pictures. Their friends have the pleasure of receiving copies of the photograph. No one is injured by their sport.

John D. Barry says: "What we want to believe, we believe on the slightest excuse. Fashion gives women an excellent excuse for believing that it is right to wear feathers and birds in their hats, and on their backs, animal skins and furs. It will take some time before they will let themselves accept their share and responsibility in the barbarity."

—*Western Humane Press Committee.*

PHOEBE



PHOEBE is always associated with old bridges and bubbling brooks. Nearly every bridge which is at all adapted for the purpose has its Phoebe home beneath it, to which the same pair of birds will return year after year, sometimes building a new nest, sometimes repairing the old. They seem to be of a nervous temperament, for, as they sit upon their usual look-out perch, their tails are continually twitching as though in anticipation of the insects that are sure to pass sooner or later.

A jerky, emphatic "phoe-be" with the accent on the second syllable, and still further accented by a vigorous flirt of the tail, comprises the principle note of this bird.

The nest is made of mud, grass and moss, plastered to the sides of beams or logs under bridges, culverts or barns. In May or June four or five white eggs are laid.

These birds breed in North America east of the Rockies, north to southern Canada, and winter in the southern United States and southward.

—*Bird Guide.*



TO A PHOEBE-BIRD



UNDER the eaves, out of the wet,
You nest within my reach;
You never sing for me and yet
You have a golden speech.

You sit and quirk a rapid tail,
Wrinkle a ragged crest,
Then pirouet from tree to rail
And vault from rail to nest.

And when in frequent, witty fright
You grayly slip and fade,
And when at hand you re-alight
Demure and unafraid,

And when you bring your brood its fill
Of iridescent wings
And green legs dewy in your bill,
Your silence is what sings.

Not of a feather that enjoys
To prate or praise or preach,
O Phoebe, with your lack of noise,
What eloquence you teach!

Witter Bynner.

BALTIMORE ORIOLE



THE male of this bird is orange and black, while the female is dull yellowish and gray. They are sociable birds and seem to like the company of mankind, for their nests are, from choice, built as near as possible to houses, often being where they can be reached from windows. As they use a great deal of string in the construction of their nests, children often get amusement by placing bright-colored pieces of yarn where the birds will get them, and watch them weave them into their homes.

The song is a clear, querulous, varied whistle or warble, and the call is a plaintive whistle. The nest is a pensile structure, often hanging eight or ten inches below the supporting rim, and swaying to and fro with every breeze. They lay five or six white eggs, curiously scrawled with blackish brown.

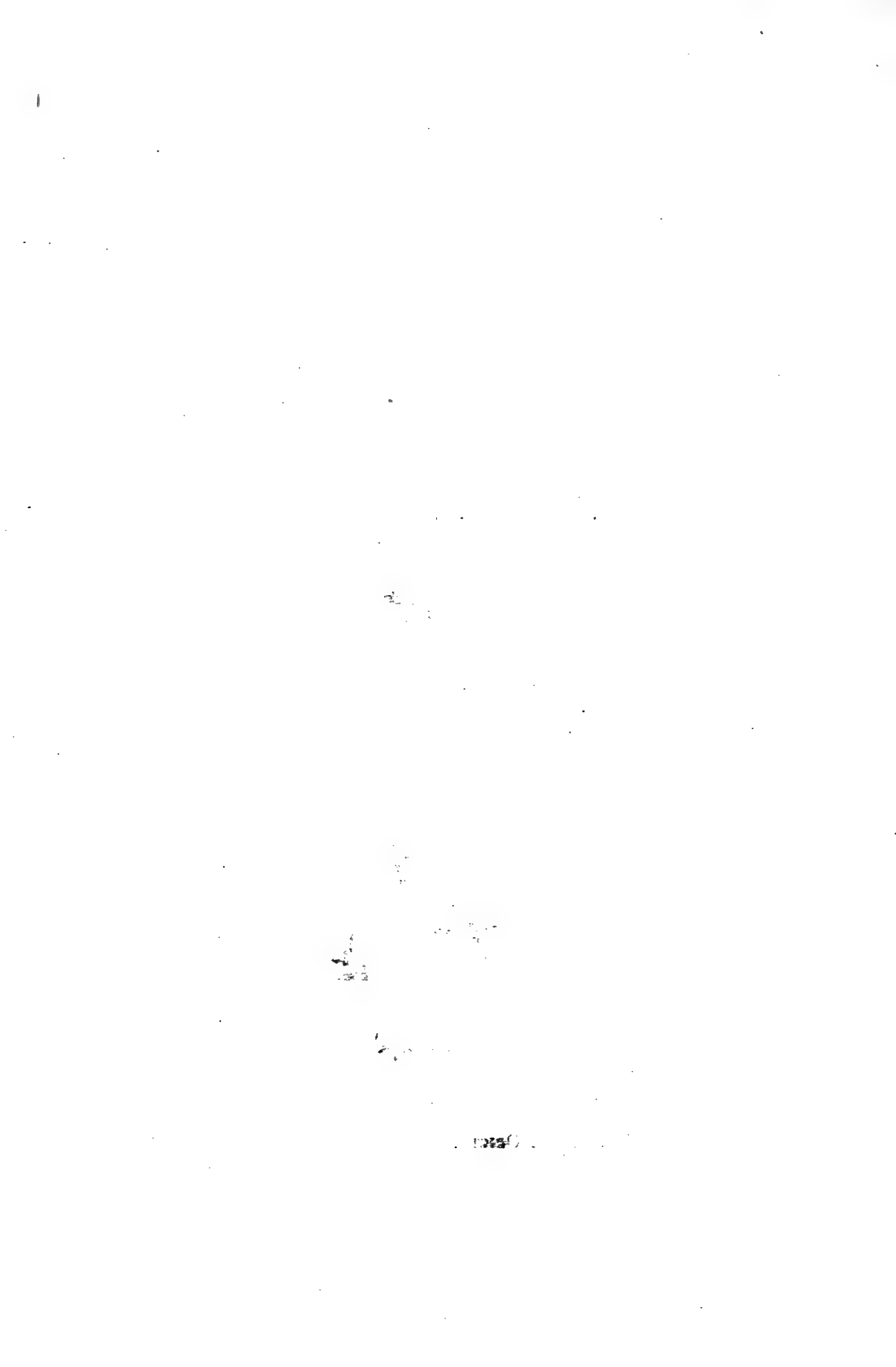
These birds breed east of the Rockies, north to New Brunswick and Manitoba, and winter in Central America.

—*Bird Guide.*





BALTIMORE ORIOLE.



LAST NIGHT



LAST night the nightingale woke me,
Last night when all was still;
It sang in the golden moonlight,
From out the woodland hill,
I opened my window so gently;
I looked on the dreaming dew,
And O; the bird, my darling, was singing,
Singing of you, of you.

I think of you in the day time,
I dream of you by night,
I wake—and would you were here, love,
And tears are blinding my sight,
I hear a low breath in the lime tree,
The wind is floating through,
And O! the night, my darling,
Is sighing, sighing for you.

O! think not I can forget you;
I could not though I would,
I see you in all around me—
The stream, the night, the wood,
The flowers that slumber so gently,
The stars above the blue,
Heaven itself, my darling,
Is praying, praying for you!
—From the Swedish, by Theophile Marzials.



AFTER THE RAIN



THE rain has ceased, and in my room
The sunshine pours an airy flood;
And on the church's dizzy vane
The ancient Cross is bathed in blood.

From out the dripping ivy-leaves,
Antiquely carven, gray and high,
A dormer, facing westward, looks
Upon the village like an eye.

And now it glimmers in the sun,
A square of gold, a disk, a speck:
And in the belfry sits a Dove
With purple ripples on her neck.
—*Thomas Bailey Aldrich*



MUTUAL AID AMONG WILD ANIMALS



THE gregarious habit is very generally in animated nature, especially among mammals and birds. Those animals of a solitary kind are decidedly in the minority; and, owing to their comparatively unprotected condition, they are constantly exposed to the attacks of their natural enemies, while the associated animals are saved by the wisdom and acuteness of their wisest members, and by the strength which results from united action.

A great many hoofed animals, such as antelopes, deer, goats and elephants, live in herds; which are not mere irregular crowds, but regular organized bands, with definite conventions, and with a power of united resistance which frequently enables them to successfully withstand the attacks of predatory carnivores. Most monkeys, as individuals, are comparatively defenseless, and, as a rule, are not disposed to come to close quarters with their enemies; yet, when in a body, they are often formidable, and are frequently able to help one another out of difficulties.

Brehm relates how he encountered a troop of baboons which were able to defy his dogs and to retreat in good order up the heights. A baby baboon being left behind called loudly for help. One of the large males courageously returned, went to the young one and carried it up the heights in triumph—the dogs being too much astonished, apparently, to make any attack.

A rabbit is generally supposed to be a stupid little animal, yet he makes an excellent sentinel in keeping watch while the others are feeding. On seeing danger, he kicks the earth in his burrow violently, by means of which the whole warren becomes alarmed and flees to safety.

Some of the most successful carnivorous animals, such as wolves, hunt in packs; and many birds of prey, such as eagles, vultures and kites act in unison for the purpose of destroying their quarry. Combination, for the purposes of defense, has its counterpart in combination for attack. In each case the united action is usually associated with the practice of posting sentinels to warn the rest, or of sending out scouts to reconnoiter.

OUR LITTLE MARTYRS



S HALL we care when nesting time
Brings no birds from any clime—
Not a voice or ruby wing,
Not a single nest to swing,
Midst the reeds, or higher up
Like a dainty fairy cup;
Not a single little friend,
All the way as footsteps wend
Here and there through every clime,
Not a bird at any time?

Does it matter? Do we care
What the feathers women wear
Cost the world? Must all birds die?
May they never, never fly
Safely through their native air?
Slaughter meets them everywhere.

Scorned be the hands that touch such spoil—
Let women pity and recoil
From traffic barbarous and grave
And quickly strive the birds to save.

—George Klinge.

TRIMMING THE CLOTHES-LINE



I'm happy when the birds come back,
I've something then to do;
If you don't mind a little work
Perhaps you'd like it, too.

I get a lot of pretty strings,
Some red, some white, some blue,
And on a line out in the yard
I hang them up in view.

Sometimes I lay them on the ground,
And bits of lace, as well;
For just what stuff will best suit birds
Is sometimes hard to tell.

They know our yard is a good place
Variety to find;
And my! they're often such a while
In making up their mind.

But before night I've sold clean out,
Im tired as I can be;
Yet when the birds chirp back their thanks
And sing sweet songs to me,

I'm ready next day to begin
To trim my line anew,
In colors like the flag we love—
The red, the white and blue.

—By Helen M. Richardson.

DUTY OF THE CITIZEN TOWARD WILD LIFE

BY WILLIAM T. HORNADAY



(Dr. Hornaday, the author of "The American Natural History," has written this sketch expressly for the Alabama Bird Day Book.)

WE HOLD that the real men and women of today owe to posterity a duty in the preservation of wild life that cannot conscientiously be ignored. The wild life of the word is not ours, to dispose of wholly as we please. We hold it *in trust*, for the benefit of ourselves, and equal benefits to those who come after us. As honorable guardians we have no right to waste and squander the heritage of our children and grandchildren. It is our duty to stay the hand that strives to apply the torch.

We received from the hand of Nature a marvelous continent, overflowing with an abundance of wild life. But we do not own it all; that it is not all ours to destroy if we choose. Nature was a million years, or more, in developing the picturesque moose, the odd mountain goat and the unique antelope. Shall we destroy and exterminate those species in one brief century? The young Americans of the year 2015 will read of those wonderful creatures, and if they find none of them alive how will they characterize the men of 1915? I, for one, do not wish in 2015 to be classed with the swine of Mauritius that exterminated the dodo.

The most advanced educators of America are awake to the vital necessity of forest conservation. The twenty-one forestry schools now in existence in our country have for their foundations the necessity for forest conservation. Educators and statesmen, and the men of means who support good works, all are awake to the vital necessity of systematic effort in arresting the march of forest destruction and providing for the perpetuation of our forest wealth. If by neglect of duty we were to allow the vandals to sweep off all timber from the United States during the present century, we would be regarded as monsters. Fifty years hence, our children would blush for their parents. And yet, in effect, through our mistaken principles and the dominant influence of the destroyers, we are now, at this hour, permitting and witnessing the annihilation of our game-birds and game-quadrupeds, everywhere in the United States outside

of a very few real preserves. If my iteration of this fact is likely to be regarded as tiresome, it should be remembered that only the quick awakening of this nation, and the quick application of stern remedies, can save the patient.

In the protection of wild life, it seems to me that the average citizen does not even begin to realize his own power. I know it, and a great many other men know it, because we have seen the results that have been accomplished by the private citizen on the firing-line. If the defenders of wild life can succeed in reaching and arousing the private citizen, the wild life of our country can even yet be saved from the general annihilation that threatens it. The appeal for new help must be made to the men and women of America who do not go hunting, and *who do not kill wild creatures!*

Speaking generally, I think that we have gone with the gunners about as far as we can. I fear that they will concede *no more* than they already have conceded, and the new measures they are willing to concede I believe are utterly inadequate to the saving of our wild life. As a class and a mass, the gunners are unwilling to grant long close seasons, of five or ten years, and therefore we must secure those long close seasons without their aid!

The accomplishment of a great reform nearly always means the enactment of new laws in the face of strong opposition. Every *great* reform always treads on a great many toes; and the owners of many of those toes will not only cry out, but many of them will fight. A bill to stop the sale of game always arouses the opposition of the market-gunners, the game-dealers and the hotel and restaurant interests. The game-dealers are natural fighters, and in fighting for their selling privileges they hire lawyers in abundance and spend money liberally. As business men, they know how to appeal to the business men in any legislature, and their opposition is a very serious matter. The way to counteract it is to *overwhelm* it, in the Legislature and before the Governor, with appeals and demands from the press and from men and women who have no selfish interests to serve and no axes to grind, in behalf of imperilled nature. Men who are moved to leave their mirth and their employment, and journey to their State capitol to appear at hearings before committees in behalf of the wild life of the people at large, always command very respectful attention, and in about nineteen cases out of every twenty, if the cause of the people is *adequately represented*, the friends of wild life do not appeal in vain.

It is impossible for me to state with sufficient emphasis the necessity for immediate action and quick results in the saving of wild life. The assaults that are being made on the forests of the United States are in no way comparable with it. At one swoop the creation of vast national forest reserves arrests the hands of the timber destroyer; but there are no such corresponding reserved areas for wild life. Beside the vast extent of the reserved forests, the national parks and game-preserves are lost in utter insignificance.

Already a great amount of basic educational work for wild life has been done. There are few intelligent persons to whom the subject is new. The public mind now is so sensitive to impressions regarding wild life it is possible to secure, by a few months of effort, results that even five years ago were wildly impossible. Our task today is not the educating of the masses, but the arousing of the conscientious citizen to the point of positive action.

One determined man who is reasonably intelligent can promote and direct a movement that will secure the enactment of a new law, provided he is industrious and sufficiently determined. The man who starts a movement must make up his mind to follow it up, direct its fortunes, stay with it when the storms of criticism and opposition beat upon it, and never give up until it is signed by the Governor or the President. A leader must be willing to sacrifice his personal convenience, the most of his pleasures, and keep at his work when his friends are asleep or at the theatre.

The saving of the wild life and forests of the world is a *duty* that by no means is confined to a small group of persons who work for nothing and subsist on their own enthusiasm. The savings of the fauna of a nation is a national task. It is literally everybody's business. It rests upon the shoulders of the educated and the intelligent, and the motives that prompt it are not found in the breasts of the sordid and the ignorant. The educated people of the United States and Canada now are called upon to protect *their own* from the Goths and Vandals of the army of destruction who are strangers to the higher sentiments.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL BIRDS FOUND IN ALABAMA



Anhinga
American Bittern
Least Bittern
Florida Red-winged Blackbird
Red-winged Blackbird
Bluebird
Bobolink
Bobwhite
Indigo Bunting
Turkey Buzzard
Cardinal
Catbird
Yellow-breasted Chat
Chewink
Carolina Chickadee
Chuck-will's-Widow
American Coot
Florida Cormorant
Cowbird
Sand-hill Crane
American Crow
Brown Creeper
Fish Crow
Black-billed Cuckoo
Yellow-billed Cuckoo
Hudsonian Curlew
Ground Dove
Mourning Dove
Dowitcher
Long-billed Dowitcher
Baldpate Duck
Black Duck
Buffle-head Duck
Canvasback Duck
Gadwall

Mallard Duck
American Merganser
Hooded Merganser
Pintail Duck
Redhead Duck
Ring-necked Duck
Scaup Duck
Lesser Scaup Duck
Shoveller Duck
Blue-winged Teal Duck
Green-winged Teal Duck
Wood Duck
Bald Eagle
American Gold-finch
Purple Finch
Flicker
Northern Flicker
Acadian Flycatcher
Alder Flycatcher
Crested Flycatcher
Least Flycatcher
Olive-sided Flycatcher
Wood Pewee
Yellow-bellied Flycatcher
Florida Gallinule
Purple Gallinule
Marbled Godwit
Canada Goose
Snow Goose
Boat-tailed Grackle
Bronzed Grackle
Purple Grackle
Rusty Grackle
Horned Grebe
Pied-billed Grebe

Blue Grosbeak
American Herring Gull
Bonaparte Gull
Laughing Gull
Ring-billed Gull
Broad-winged Hawk
Cooper Hawk
Duck Hawk
Fish Hawk
Florida Red-shouldered Hawk
Marsh Hawk
Pigeon Hawk
Red-tailed Hawk
Red-shouldered Hawk
Sharp-shinned Hawk
Sparrow Hawk
Great Blue Heron
Little Blue Heron
Green Heron
Louisiana Heron
Black-crowned Night Heron
Yellow-crowned Night Heron
Ward Heron
Ruby-throated Hummingbird
Wood Ibis
Blue Jay
Kingbird
Belted Kingfisher
Golden-crowned Kinglet
Ruby-crowned Kinglet
Mississippi Kite
Swallow-tailed Kite
Loon
Purple Martin
Meadowlark
Florida Meadowlark
Mockingbird
Florida Nighthawk
Brown-headed Nuthatch
Red-breasted Nuthatch

White-breasted Nuthatch
Baltimore Oriole
Orchard Oriole
Oven Bird
Barn Owl
Barred Owl
Florida Barred Owl
Great Horned Owl
Long-eared Owl
Screech Owl
Short-eared Owl
White Pelican
American Pipit
Black-bellied Plover
Kildeer
Piping Plover
Semi-palmated Plover
Upland Plover
Wilson Plover
King Rail
Louisiana Clapper Rail
Sora Rail
Virginia Rail
Redpoll
American Redstart
American Robin
Southern Robin
Sanderling
Least Sandpiper
Pectoral Sandpiper
Semi-palmated Sandpiper
Solitary Sandpiper
Spotted Sandpiper
White-rumped Sandpiper
Yellow-bellied Sapsucker
Sooty Shearwater
Loggerhead Shrike
Migrant Shrike
Pine Siskin
Black Skimmer

Wilson Snipe
Bachman Sparrow
Chipping Sparrow
English Sparrow
Field Sparrow
Fisher Seaside Sparrow
Fox Sparrow
Grasshopper Sparrow
Henslow Sparrow
Lark Sparrow
Leconte Sparrow
Nelson Sparrow
Savanna Sparrow
Song Sparrow
Swamp Sparrow
Vesper Sparrow
White-throated Sparrow
Bank Swallow
Barn Swallow
Cliff Swallow
Rough-winged Swallow
Tree Swallow
Chimney Swift
Scarlet Tanager
Summer Tanager
Black Tern
Cabot Tern
Caspian Tern
Common Tern
Gull-billed Tern
Least Tern
Royal Tern
Brown Thrasher
Bicknell Thrush
Gray-checked Thrush
Hermit Thrush
Louisiana Water Thrush
Olive-backed Thrush
Water Thrush
Wilson Thrush

Wood Thrush
Tufted Titmouse
Wild Turkey
Ruddy Turnstone
Bay-breasted Warbler
Blackburnian Warbler
Black and White Warbler
Black-poll Warbler
Black-throated Warbler
Black-throated Green Warbler
Blue-winged Warbler
Cairns Warbler
Canadian Warbler
Cerulean Warbler
Chestnut-sided Warbler
Golden-winged Warbler
Hooded Warbler
Kentucky Warbler
Magnolia Warbler
Mourning Warbler
Myrtle Warbler
Orange-crowned Warbler
Palm Warbler
Parula Warbler
Pine Warbler
Prairie Warbler
Prothonotary Warbler
Swainson Warbler
Sycamore Warbler
Tennessee Warbler
Worm-eating Warbler
Yellow Warbler
Yellow-palm Warbler
Yellow-throated Warbler
Cedar Waxwing
Western Willet
Whip-Poor-Will
American Woodcock
Downy Woodpecker
Pileated Woodpecker

Red-bellied Woodpecker
Red-cockaded Woodpecker
Red-headed Woodpecker
Southern Hairy Woodpecker
Bewick Wren
Carolina Wren
House Wren
Louisiana Marsh Wren
Short-billed Marsh Wren
Winter Wren
White-eyed Vireo

Red-eyed Vireo
Warbling Vireo
White-tyed Vireo
Yellow-throated Vireo
Black Vulture
Greater Yellowlegs
Yellowlegs
Florida Yellow-throat
Maryland Yellow-throat
Northern Yellow-throat

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